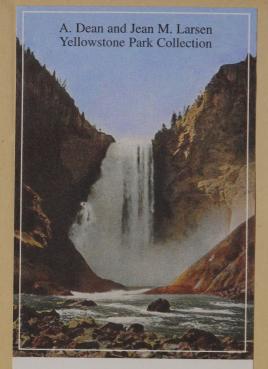
MOTOR WEST



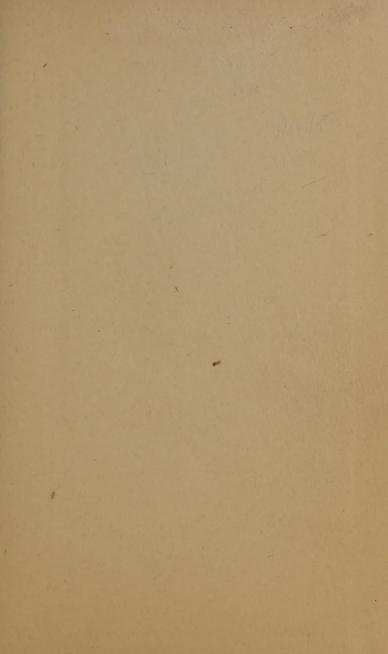
CAROLINE RITTENBERG



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MOTOR WEST ~ Rittenberg







"OLD FAITHFUL." YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

CAROLINE RITTENBERG

MOTOR WEST

NEW YORK

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MOTOR WEST ~ Rittenberg



MOTOR WEST

NEW YORK

Friday, June 19

The farewells had been given and we were off. We'd left behind a bag and were compelled to go back for it—but at last we had started. There were three of us, Mrs. A. who devoured maps with the eagerness of a flapper reading F. Scott Fitzgerald—and we two girls just out of school, with the desire to "see America first." Hetric our indispensable chauffeur—the fourth member of our party—was to join us in St. Louis. We left New York with its summer lethargy slowly creeping on, and rose up on the palisades for one last affectionate look before leaving it behind for great silent wastes, the mysterious deserts of the West.

We traveled along comfortably through New Jersey farm lands following the Lincoln Highway. Just outside of Philadelphia we saw many beautiful homes—large estates that seemed to give the feeling of settled permanency—houses standing for generations.

We had been told not to miss the new chapel built in memory of Washington by the Dames of the Revolution, in Valley Forge Park. It was dusk and a faint pink glow was shining on the gray Tudor chapel, the stained glass windows were lovely but as yet too new and intense—the entire chapel was still too new.

We spent the night at the Washington Inn at Valley Forge. It was a funny old place; unfortunately they had tried to modernize it—so it had lost some of its quaintness. They had erected a steel filigree painted a brilliant green and yellow, running across the porch and upper floors. The dining room was large and wooden raftered. Two enormous trees had been left standing in the center of it. Flags hung about in clusters. We, of course,

immediately dispatched post cards of the surrounding country, played with a stray dog and finally retired a little weary to our dingy room.

Saturday, June 20

When one is motoring, the time for rising can never be too early—but as we were dawdling about we did not set off until nine. Saturday was a long run but continuously beautiful—mainly hills that, in the distance, looked like over-stuffed pillows; neat little patches of wheat and corn growing, many large, spreading trees and good roads. A few of the hills turned into mountains and we found ourselves tobogganing over the countryside. We passed many little towns, some large, some small, but all more or less on the same pattern; each having its Main Street with its movie house and grocery store and the inevitable pool-room rendezvous.

We spent the night in Bedford, a town that had grown through its transient trade—a hotel on every corner. We chose the Fort Bedford

Inn. It was a grand affair, stylish indeed, it boasted a two piece orchestra which played during dinner and a head waiter just out of school.

PITTSBURGH

Sunday, June 21

As it was Sunday, we did not want to become entangled with the hectic holiday driving, so we planned a short run to Pittsburgh of no more than a hundred miles. The driving was a bit frantic—a steep grade or a sharp curve meant nothing to the Pennsylvania Sunday drivers. The country was identical with that of the day before; rolling, humpy hills—although more of a climb—and evidently quite a feat for those who just motored on Sunday.

We arrived in Pittsburgh through a long back alley detour. We pulled aside for a negro funeral, the ceremonies being performed with military splendor, the men wearing gold braided suits, and chanting dismally. We reached the William Penn grimy and grumpy, in time for lunch. The William Penn is a business hotel and hundreds of forlorn-looking traveling men sat gloomily about in the large lobby waiting for Sunday to pass. We retired to our rooms, very comfortable, laden with magazines and New York newspapers.

Monday, June 22

A great deal of time is always lost in getting off from a large hotel. When we left the grimy city of Pittsburgh, the day seemed dreary and cloudy, but, as the veils of smoke lifted we found it to be a cheerful, sunny day. To get onto the state road we first had to pass through a delightful tunnel; it was a mile and a quarter long. Uusually in a tunnel of this length one has the feeling of compression, but this one was so high, roomy and cleanly white, that it only gave us the curious optical illusion of its revolving at the farther end.

For some time we had easy riding, follow-

ing the main road and passing a few stray houses busy with their morning duties. Our first large town was Washington, Pa., where, much to our disgust and disappointment, we found a detour to Wheeling. We continued along moderately good dirt road, hoping at each turn, to come upon fine macadam. Our expectations were still soaring when we caught up with another car which was shedding dust in volumes and for two miles we chewed it and growled while mopping our faces. It was now ten miles since we had last seen a good road or at least a sign of civilization. At last, just ahead, we saw a splendid road and, with a shout of joy, hurried into Waynesburg. Not seeing a sign with "Wheeling" on it we drew up beside a car and asked the driver which was the best way.

"Why," he drawled, "just go up that road back there to Washington and you are only twelve miles from Wheeling."

"But," we grouned, "we've just come from there." Then in a rather patronizing tone he told us of another route that we could take-"but," he added, "it's a dirt road." At that moment a plump policeman, looking very uncomfortable in his uniform, bounded up beside us-"Say you there!" he shouted in our ears, "pull up to the curb; you are stopping traffic out here in the center of the street!" We looked up and down; there was not a sign of anything in sight; but he with his officious manner, commanded us to move on. We again started to find Wheeling. For miles we wound our way over hard sun-baked clay roads and thanked our lucky stars that it had not lately rained. The country was totally different from that which we had just covered —many abrupt hills not very fertile and many trees not over laden, shading our road in spots. Still, we were far from Wheeling-or anywhere else, for that matter—with a funny gnawing feeling in our stomachs. We had consumed our last bar of chocolate-an article we bought every morning before starting. At last we came to a sign that told us we had

gone an entire triangle out of our way! Washington and Wheeling were in a direct line from each other and we had gone to their tricorner. It was nearing one o'clock and a place for lunch and our correct destination seemed an eternity away. We motored along a dirt road that appeared to run around and catch its tail every few moments. We asked many people where we could strike the main road; they only shook their heads, then came the usual reply, "Follow the road straight ahead"-and invariably we struck a fork about a half a mile further on. At last a small, fair-haired boy, diligently pulling the tubing out of a discarded tire, told us the correct way. We reached Clayville, a village on the main road to Wheeling, where our first thought was to find a place to eat. The hotel looked terrible so we decided on "A Rest for Tourists." We mounted the stairs and found ourselves in a neat hallway. On entering, a white-haired woman and a man leaning on a cane, appeared. We asked if we might have a bite of lunch but they said they were sorry, they served no meals but down the street we could find a very nice place. As we turned to leave, the man who had much the air of a true Southern gentleman asked us if we would care to see his office. We meekly followed him into the room, filled with the relics of an old hunter. In a large case which he lighted for us, were twenty or more stuffed animals—two armadillos, a fox, baskets filled with imitation flowers and dried ferns. The prize objects in this room were two Chinese pheasants, brilliantly plumaged, in a glass case over his desk. Hanging about the walls were deer's antlers and elks' heads with vicious horns, he stood looking up at them, his rather long face with his white whiskers soft and silky and in a rather pathetic tone he said, "It is hard for a man who has been so active to have to see old age come on, now see those boys over there—" and he pointed to a row of photographs across the mantel, "Now the first one he is in India, a great rubber expert. The next³ boy—," and so down the line. No doubt everyone in Claysville had heard old Dr. Sprowl's story but he was every ready to impart it to new listeners.

The rest of the day was uneventful, save for the fact that it became beastly hot and we stopped numerous times for ice cream cones to refresh us. At about six o'clock we arrived at Zanesville, and being far too tired to go to Columbus, we stayed at the Clarendon Hotel. The name quite carried us away. The view from our window was quite interesting. We could see the busiest cross street, a Knights of Columbus House and a billiard room. It soon became great sport and a betting proposition between us to determine which youth would go into which place. While at dinner, in a dining room that looked as if it had once been part of a railroad station, a great rain storm broke, completely soaking one of our bags which we had left near the window.

Tuesday, June 23

We started without delays and with hopes for no detour—our everlasting morning hope! The day was gray and with a fine mist blowing through the air. Our first city was Columbus, only a seventy mile run, and we regretted, that the night before, we had been too tired to stagger on. On entering most cities one is ushered in through back alleys-so it was with some difficulty that we realized we were in Columbus proper, as we were driving down a beautiful street with many trees, lawns, and a parkway running down the center. The houses looked prosperous and large, most of them were in Tudor style, and elaborately built. We promptly fell in love with the city, even with the fine rain in our faces.

Keeping well to our highway we turned once more into the long, flat stretches of farm land. It is a great country for growing corn and wheat—both of which seemed to be coming along splendidly. There were also many fields where sturdy, contented horses grazed, and often there were cows, horses, and pigs all in the same field, and yet there was plenty of room for all. The pigs were, on the whole, clean and many of them were a delicate pink, and it was delightful to see them turned out into pasture instead of keeping them in dirty cramped sties. There were farm houses and elaborate barns along the way. Many of the farmers were lazily sitting on the porch, smoking corn cob pipes—their feet, in heavy boots, propped up on the railing—contentedly watching the soft, constant rain.

In Springfield, we had a very excellent lunch at the Hotel Bancroft. We then hurried on through Richmond and Dayton and soon found ourselves in Indiana—it was like Western Ohio, although the land was slowly becoming flatter. We rolled along one continuous road of concrete without a single turn for eighteen miles.

In the West they have dropped the familiar "hot dog" and instead one finds barbecue

stands—a hot sandwich made of spices and meat—to us not very delectable.

Indiana, the Hoosier State. A large sign marked, "Riley's Home," drew our attention to a simple yellow painted wooden house, the home of James Whitcomb Riley. On arriving in Indianapolis we immediately looked for our hotel, the Severin—thinking we had just time to change for dinner; but, to our astonishment, we found a change of time and instead of its being six-thirty as by our watches, it was only five-thirty!

Wednesday, June 24

We found the roads identical with those of the day before, and, with faint interest, we hurried toward St. Louis where we were planning to rest a day and pick up the fourth member of our party who was on his way from New York by train.

Lunch was always a great factor with us; so, in the early part of the morning, we chose the town we thought would have the best conveniences: this was Effingham. We drove up to a quaint little hotel with the usual plate glass window overlooking the main street. Having arrived a little later than their customary dinner hour, we sat down to lunch in a room almost empty with only an occasional person here and there. Suddenly from behind a row of paneled doors there arose a clatter which one of us thought was a cocktail shaker being vigorously shaken and the other that a hail storm had broken loose on a tin roof—it was neither, it was the applause of a Rotary Club. They then burst into song at the end of which they gleefully applauded themselves. For another ten minutes there were speeches, then another song, and the doors were opened, the Rotarians filed forth, each laboring with a toothpick.

About five that afternoon we arrived in St. Louis, with apparently no traffic rules. Our hotel, "The Chase," was well out of the noise of the city, and we found ourselves peacefully looking out over Forrest Park.

ST. LOUIS

Thursday, June 25

In this beautiful park almost every part is utilized; it has a zoo-a delightful one with open cages for the bears. It is a copy of the Hagenbeck Zoo in Hamburg. About two blocks from the zoo there is an art museum a magnificent marble building on an elevation, so the view from its broad steps overlooking the park and city in the distance, is most impressive. At night they have in the park an open theatre in which they give operettas. It is well arranged with a large stadium seating hundreds. There were several amplifiers so the voices reached everyone distinctly. In the darkness with the sky above one, looking down at the stage, one has a feeling of being on a stage—part of the play. The scenery had been well worked out as, with imitation ones, they cleverly used the natural trees. The only objection to be found was, that they used too many women's voices; a great majority of the large chorus was composed of women, and their voices through the amplifiers were rasping at times, whereas the men's notes were round and smooth. The operetta was a charming old Scotch one, "Rob Roy." Occasionally the comedians put in modern jokes that hardly were in keeping with the rest; but, on the whole, it was a charming, enjoyable affair—even the wooden seats were not too uncomfortable.

Friday, June 26

With another member, Mr. A., (the propelling spirit) added to our list, we started off fairly early, with the hope that all would be well, but of course, as usually happens when more than one mind is directing the job, we immediately fell into a discussion as to which route we should take—the everlasting morning problem! We at last decided and sailed along smoothly. At about one thirty we reached Jefferson City, Mo., where we

found a rather dingy hotel but with a clean kitchen and dining room. We were starved—a rather constant state—and there was only one waitress. One can not expect the best of service, but this must be said: the food through the middle west is good plain fare.

That afternoon the roads were not at their best, and we had so wanted to show the nice concrete roads for which we had prepared Mr. A. Instead we had only mud, deep ruts, thick gravel, and at times, even small rivers, but the Lincoln was very comfortable and we bore up rather nobly. The night we spent in Sedalia at the "Terry House" where Mr. A. had stayed when it was new thirty-five years ago. It was still nice but somewhat the worse for the wear. The food, however, was excellent.

Saturday, June 27

In the morning we made a short hop over to Kansas City. It was a run of a little over a hundred miles, so we arrived there before luncheon. We stopped at the Muelbach Hotel in the heart of the city. It was a hot day and we found it very nice to eat in the grill that was cooled by ice-washed air. Saturday afternoon we lay over and wandered about the city, buying what we needed and stocking our grocery supply as we were afraid the trip from then on might be lonely and it might be difficult to find nice placesor any, for that matter—in which to lunch. The business section of Kansas City is much the same as that of any city of similar size; but the residential section has been charmingly planned by a landscape gardener who had made an excellent job of it, a cool park with many beautiful homes scattered throughout.

Sunday, June 28

We at last felt we were approaching the West. Somehow the long prairie stretches with cattle grazing, and the golden yellow wheat fields and green corn, with the clear blue sky above, made us realize that we had left the influence of the East. In a few short miles we saw the country completely change from wooded farm lands to the treeless western plains. It was impressive and gave one an awesome thrill to look across the majestic open stretches. We found a good hotel for lunch at Emporia and spent the night in another clean and comfortable hotel, the "Stanley," in Hutchinson, Kansas. We were impressed by the new and spotlessly clean hotels.

Monday, June 29

We passed by field after field of harvested wheat, a gorgeous sight—some fields must have had a stretch of at least ten miles. For lunch we stopped at a Harvey House in La Junata, one of the oldest towns in that section. On the outskirts of the town we stopped for gasoline and a fat, white haired man, with a large Elk's tooth hanging around his neck, waited on us. He was greatly interested in

our trip and told us that forty-eight years ago he had come through from the East in a covered wagon—"and traveling," he said, "was not what it is now!"

Again the stretches of open fields, only this time they were mostly purple alfalfa, and turkeys—their heads and necks the only parts of them showing, bobbing about in the fields catching grass-hoppers. Whenever a farmer grows alfalfa he immediately raises turkeys to eat the enormous devastating grasshoppers. They were so numerous that, at times, they even hopped into the car.

As late afternoon came with its pinkish glare, we saw, across the sandy plains, a house in the middle of a great lake that extended for a half a mile or so across the pale blue horizon but as we drew closer the water began to fade and when we were upon it we found the house on dry hard land. We had seen a mirage—our first. Everywhere we looked along the horizon we saw a pale blue strip of sky and a violet haze above it. The

mirages kept recurring, the clearest was of a horse grazing, and, as we looked we "saw" him reflected as if he were standing in a pool of water. The night we spent in a Harvey House in Syracuse.

Tuesday, June 30

The next day we lunched at Sequoia. The afternoon brought to view blue mountains, then long flat prairies and our first glimpse of prairie dogs. As the mountains emerged slowly out of their distant haze they became brown and wooded—we were nearing Colorado Springs. We arrived in ample time for dinner at that famous old hotel, "The Antlers." Here we planned to stay a while.

COLORADO SPRINGS

Wednesday, July 1

Colorado Springs had many points of interest and, as we wanted to see them all, it was just a case of what one wanted to see first. After consulting many maps and people we hired a guide and began with the Garden of the Gods-wondrous rocks weatherbeaten into many odd shapes, which, if one uses his imagination appear to take the shapes of definite objects. The rocks, as one approaches them, are flat, pink, and white, almost like cardboard plastered against the massive slopes of the Rockies. When we descended amongst them, they loomed out at us, seeming like soft red clay moulded into weird forms—such as two camels kissing, and a bear, and a seal. The most distinct and impressive is that of a sleeping Indian. He stretches across the top of a big range, his head lying flat, his hands across his chest and his feet a trifle higher than his head. He is pink and clearly outlined against the clear blue sky. From there we wound our way up and up through the narrow passes to the Cave of the Winds. We traced our way down again, still in the mass of red rock, ever finding strange forms. In the midst of these there is a house in which they have incased a petrified Indian; he is dark and heavy like rock, his proportions are those of a lilliputian. In this house they have many souvenirs made by the native Indians, to the lure of which we succumbed as all tourists do. We also had an amusing Indian dressed in his full regalia, blue spots painted across his cheek bones, beat on his tom-tom for us. Cross their palms with silver and they will do anything for you!

We then went on to Cheyenne Canyon. There are said to be seven falls rushing down the mountain side but for the last year there had been a drought and only a tiny stream now trickles down. At the foot there is a pool of nice clear water with many mountain trout playing around fighting for peanuts thrown to them but never eating one. The rocks all around are infested with spry little chipmunks, which are quite tame. For the first

time in a week we saw large green trees shading the paths and ravines. One misses them after a few days of prairie land.

Thursday, July 2

We decided to become acclimated before trying our hand at Pikes Peak, so we chose the Corley Mountain Pass, a trip that entailed an entire day; and whose summit was ten thousand feet. We rose rather quickly and were soon skirting the edges of deep ravines in which grew tall pointed pine trees rising to the level of the road. We wound in and around up the mountain, looking down and across on other slopes with white rocks jutting out, green trees and large barren patches. Looking back through a wide gorge there were to be seen, streaked with sunlight, plains far below stretching for miles. There was a toll-gate to pass (the roads are kept in very good order by this toll system) and we inquired if there were a place to lunch on the road. "Of course," was the reply, and we were handed circulars of an attractive log cabin.

On leaving the toll gate we crossed a steep trestle. The road which we were to travel had once been an old railroad which had been derailed and was now used as a road. The scenic panoramas were so stupendous that one can hardly describe them—mountains are that way—they overpower. The mountain sides were covered with hundreds of wild flowers that we in the East try in vain to cultivate.

Warning clouds began to gather as we rose higher and higher, we were now near the nine thousand mark. Suddenly a storm broke with lightning and thunder, rain pouring in large drops and then hail, large hail, beating against our faces. We drew up beside a boulder to wait for it to subside, but, after some ten minutes, we decided that we could run out of the storm if we "kept moving." The roads were cut through passes of soft red stone loosely piled together and, as we ventured along, a slight avalanche of red brick

descended upon us—landing on the running board and all about us. The hail had made a thin layer of snow over the mountains and we saw a white hillside, with green aspen trees fluttering in the wind. The rain stopped and the stillness of winter descended about us; an aroma of spruce—fresh from the storm permeated the air and it seemed Christmas-like.

The road to our luncheon seemed never to end. It was nearing two o'clock and there was no sign of civilization anywhere. The downpour had begun again. At two-thirty we entered the deserted mining town of Cripple Creek and drew up to a place marked Royal Café; to be sure it was not the lovely, fabricated Log Cabin we had been told of but in it was food and temporary shelter.

Coming home we passed through the petrified forest of Colorado. We stopped at a house and an obliging young girl in khaki trousers took us through and showed us the excavated, petrified stumps. There was also a big pile of fossil rock upon which we pounced gleefully—tearing the rocks apart in the hope of finding fish. We didn't, but we did find many compressed leaves, ferns, and minute insects. When we left, the car was piled high with rocks which we expected to cart with us for the remainder of the trip.

Friday, July 3

We arose very early as we planned going up Pikes Peak and wished to avoid the crowds. We had been told that our car could make the top, so with an extra supply of gasoline and water, we started. It was a very steep grade, but the road had been painstakingly built, so that the corners were not too terrifying. Hetric told us of a racing car, specially geared, that had gone to the top in eighteen minutes—the average time being two hours or more. It would have, indeed, been terrible to do or watch. The panoramas were much the same as the day before, except that we could see farther, and in the early morning, it was clearer.

As we drew near the summit, however, clouds began to appear and by the time we were at the top we were in a dense fog which followed us most of the way down. The altitude barely affected us in the car, but as soon as we got out and moved about, our heads became light and our hearts beat fast. We wondered what would happen if one took a cocktail or twoprobably fly right off the peak and leave people wrapped in sweaters and mufflers writing their names in a guest book and climbing up and down the observatory, gazing at you in horrified wonder. Cigarettes would not burn, only quickly become ashes and have no taste whatsoever. The car took more kindly to the downward trail, although we were annoyed constantly by huge red busses, the drivers of which were accustomed to make the grade twice a day, dashing by us down the curves and then finding they were ahead of schedule and waiting just long enough to have us pass them and then come tearing down after us.

DENVER

Saturday, July 4

We went to Denver to spend the Fourth of July. Denver is a lovely city, somewhat like one great suburb. There are two distinct parts, the old made up of large brick houses—almost mansions, and the new part of stucco houses with a great deal of Spanish influence. We did not see the business section it being a holiday. The city has a decided charm.

Sunday, July 5

We packed our trappings together, leaving behind us great hunks of petrified wood from which we had to part—(the car's burden was heavy enough)—and started out across the plains to Aliamosa. The country was still hilly and rather green, although we found a drought throughout. Poor, thin, emaciated cattle wandered about nibbling what they could find on the dry, hot plains. We spent

the night in a typical Western town—a movie house, post office, elaborate bank, grocery store, the Hotel San Luis and two cafés. It was peculiar how crowded the cafés were at meal time, not only tourists, but the inhabitants preferred to dine (or rather eat) out in preference to staying home and preparing meals themselves. We had thought that housekeeping was the only occupation and interest of the women in the dull monotonous plains. What they really did with their time we never learned. We were thrilled when we saw our first honest-to-goodness cowboys, sombreros, high heeled boots handsomely worked about the tops, loose shirts hanging over their soiled blue trousers, smoking hand rolled yellow papered cigarettes alas, they were without "six-shooters"—a bitter disappointment!

Monday, July 6

An early start was solicited by all, so promptly at eight we were on our way. At

first we had to work our way back again as Alamosa was the only possible town in miles in which to spend the night. Then we started out across more flat country, covered with clumps of dried sage brush, and ranches fenced off with miles of barbed wire at every turn. The country is very peculiar, although it looks sweeping and as if one could see everything for miles, in reality one can see nothing until one is upon it. The mesas are very deceiving-one could go for miles on long flat stretches and then a curve, a big drop, and suddenly one is upon a town. Taos is so much the color of the surrounding country that we did not see it until we turned into a dirt road with houses and trees. We stopped at a little place to lunch, where they had almost run out of food as Taos is seventy-five miles from a railroad station and they had had an influx of people that day, although they were certainly lonely enough! After lunch we looked about the town and saw fat Indian squaws, their feet bound up in white leggings, balancing jugs on their heads and scuffling along in a silent, suppressed manner. There were several nice houses with some lovely gardens given to quantities of blue larkspur and hollyhocks. It is a marvelous country; give the land water and it will produce anything. Taos is an artists' colony where a group of men paint the Indians in their natural surroundings. We were fortunate in knowing some of the painters and visited their studios.

The Indian pueblo at Taos is one of the oldest, so we trundled out to a pile of adobe houses or rather rooms, placed one atop the other with tiny holes for windows. Just what the poor unfortunates deep down in the middle do for air or comfort we could not imagine! An old Indian who looked about ninety, and must have been older (for Indians never look their age), bent over a stick with a face like the old fellow on the "nickels," allowed us to take a photograph of him—but there was a payment in advance!

In the afternoon we passed through the Rio Grande Canyon, a beautiful gorge with pink rock looming up on either side. We saw a river, the first real one we had seen for days—so we stopped to fish. After an hour or so, having neither caught nor had even a nibble from a trout, we packed our reels back into the car and started, a bit discouraged, over abominable roads—passing many fruit ranches and Indian Villages—not pueblos.

Stopping had made us late and we had spent a great deal of time at Taos—more time than we generally allowed for lunch, so it was with a rather gloomy aspect we watched the approaching sunset and the bad roads, but just as dusk really began and the first star appeared we came upon a good gravel road and hurried on to Santa Fé. New Mexico has a most vivid coloring, in fact the light of the setting sun was too hard and intense to be alluringly lovely. Odd light effects were seen as we passed in the shadow of a bulky mountain and the rays of the red setting sun

rose above it and lighted a hill opposite with its brilliant coloring. Twilights last long in New Mexico, notwithstanding the sun sinks behind the mountains early. The one phrase that kept passing through our minds was that of Walt Whitman—"pure, luminous color, fighting the silent shadows to the last."

Tuesday, July 7

Our hotel, the La Fonda in Sante Fe, was so charming and delightful that we planned to stay the day in the quaint Spanish town, that the inhabitants had fortunately kept to the same type. It is so pleasant not to find a place marred by the smug mediocrity of so many towns. The houses were clean and comfortable and made of adobe; what was beginning to grow old and decayed they did not change, but restored, retaining the old type. Life revolves about the Plaza, a square with trees, benches and walks, constantly crowded with men sitting about chatting.

We spent the morning in the museum composed of early American relics of stone, weapons and pieces of old furniture.

Mrs. A. had spent a summer some years ago in Santa Fé with Mr. and Mrs. P. Mr. P. was then the governor of Santa Fé. He had died but his wife was living in the same old house, arranged in the same old way, greatly resembling a museum. We were asked to tea and so spent an enjoyable afternoon—poking about. In their collection they had two encyclopædias published in the 15th century, and a "breeks" publication of the Bible. A commission of Napoleon's-one of the few manuscripts with his signature, a letter written by Thomas Jefferson to a friend, containing the words "my health may be vacillating, but my affection never." Mrs. P. sat in her darkened sitting room, an elderly lady, still charming and vivacious, telling us long and interesting stories—everything had a history; she was an American aristocrat, sitting among her relics.

Wednesday, July 8

We were loath to leave Santa Fé which had grown in our affection. It was a glorious day as we drove through the brown plains. The mountains in the distance were all a hazy blue, while the sky above us was the richest cobalt spotted with marble-like clouds, lined with pink from the reflection of the red fields. Towns were evasive in this country and so were hills, as the altitude of the mesas is so great that the atmosphere is sharply clear and when one drops slowly to a lower level one finds oneself on the side of a high mountain. The land is a series of steps. We had lunch in Albuquerque at the Albarado. The town of Albuquerque was the most thriving we had been in for many days it even possessed a trolley car. Along the station platform to which all the Harvey Houses are attached there were many Indians selling their wares—strange bits of pottery, bows and arrows, and piñon nuts. Albuquerque was very warm, so after lunch we were glad to be

moving again. We passed through cultivated country all the afternoon and arrived rather late, in Socaro at a charming hotel called the Val Verde.

Thursday, July 9

It was raining fitfully when we left Socaro. The atmosphere is strange in that respect—it can be pouring in one part of the sky, pouring in black sheets—while just a few miles away the plains are bathed in sunshine. Ahead of us looked like a really "good" storm-when we arrived at the scene of disaster we found it had been a small cloudburst. The rain had ceased but the water was running in rivers over the fields, the road was completely washed away, water up to our running board and in whirlpools gushing over mud and stones. Many cars were drawn up, afraid to attempt crossing the two deep ruts filled with water just ahead, little boys, their trousers rolled up above their knees wading in them, farmers with patient horses trying to harrow the land. We waited for some time with the other cars, hoping the water would die down, but there seemed little change and it was getting late, so starting the engine the car made one terrific effort. It was a weird feeling riding in an automobile to look over the edge and see inches of muddy water around us, rushing under us, and on, beyond into the fields. We passed the first rut easily enough but the second was more of a tug, so with one quick pull the car, and all of us heaving forward as if to help it along we came through, greatly to the disappointment of the onlooking crowd who had rather expected us to fail. Not until later did we find there was quicksand in the last rut!

For some miles we proceeded down a river; it really was a road. We passed through the red clay land of Arizona, on oozy, slippery mud from the late storm and arrived, at last, in Springerville—a rather dismal town and the Apache Tavern.

PETRIFIED FORESTS OF ARIZONA

Friday, July 10

Just beyond Springerville we passed through the petrified forest of Arizona; these trees were agatized and much more beautiful than those in Colorado. This is made a National Forest guarded by government men, this is to protect the trees and see that pieces are not picked up and scattered about the country. The land seems very much as though it were once covered with water, and the theory of the government man (a nice Westerner, with sharp blue eyes and walrus moustache) is that at one time these huge trees were washed to this lake and sank there. water soaked, and have become agatized through age. There are no roots to be found. Some of this rock when polished is very beautiful and quite valuable. One of our party was anxious to find a piece large enough to make an ash tray for a desk and was to find that he could not take any away. However, the government man showed us a place just beyond the reservation where if one found anything desirable he could take it away with him if he so wished. We shipped twenty-five pounds of it back to New York that night.

We motored on to Winslow and stayed in a Harvey House. We were always content when we found a Harvey House in which to stop, for we were sure of the best service, delicious food, the most comfortable beds, and clean rooms.

Saturday, July 11

It was a long hot day, through tedious country—we had a nice break in cooking our own lunch by the wayside. We found a clump of small cedars and slid under them, comfortable in the shade. About sunset we arrived through five miles of tall, straight Western pines, at the awe inspiring, vividly colored Grand Canyon of Arizona. To at-





PAINTED CASTLES: GRAND CANYON.

tempt to describe in words its grandeur and colossal magnificence is impossible.

GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA

Sunday, July 12

In the morning we took a short drive, the rim drive it is called, and stopped to peer over the edge at occasional intervals.

The Painted Desert is said to be at its best at sunset, so taking a picnic supper, put up by the hotel, the El Tovar, we motored through the pine forests to a strip of land which was considered the best point of vantage. A very nice man in charge made us coffee, and pointed out views of interest—the Hopi Indian hill, a blue mound in Utah ninety miles away, and showed us how to look at the big flat desert, by tipping our heads to one side. The colors became more vivid—strips of green, red, blue and grey, as the sun sank behind the Canyon; the light became soft and

calm, and the hardness that prevails in Arizona seemed to fade.

Monday, July 13

Leaving very early in the morning with our private guide, ahead of the mobs we descended the Bright Angel trail. It was a clear hot day and as we sank lower and lower into the Canyon, the sun became warmer and deep stillness with a vague hum in the distance settled upon us. Our mules were sure footed and quite at home on the trail. At times the path became alarmingly narrow and the sudden abyss below seemed to be yawning up at us. At Jacob's Ladder (a particularly steep place on the trail), we were compelled to descend from our mules and walk. At the very bottom we stood by a wide, muddy river and gazed up. Up and up the Canyon rose on all sides and one felt so tiny and hopeless. After a box lunch, we started up, the travel seemed harder and more fatiguing. When at last we arrived at the El Tovar about four o'clock we were tired and stiff, but we had seen and almost comprehended one of nature's great wonders.

Tuesday, July 14

We again packed our traps and started for Prescott. Leaving the Grand Canyon one begins to drop down, but even so, as far as we could see mountains surrounded us. Passing through Williams we saw a pile of rock, stacked on a mountain side, a monument we discovered to old Bill Williams, the famous guide. We lunched in a Harvey House at Ashfork, a nice hotel agreeably cool and built in the Spanish design.

Nearing Prescott we saw, nervously scampering over the hills, a herd of antelope. Just a little beyond we found ourselves amongst rock forms of the weirdest kind, rather smooth and piled high one atop the other with deep crags running between. They were the Granite Dells.

The hotel St. Michael in Prescott had its

name blazoned forth in electric lights, but oddly enough with all this grandeur it had no dining room and that necessitated our going out for meals. We found this frequently the case; in this instance our meals were taken in the rear of a drug store that had the alluring odor of cheap incense curling out of a tin Buddha to welcome us; but the food was very good.

Wednesday, July 15

We stayed over a day in Prescott to have a chance to see Montezuma's castle and everyone told us it was worth while, so trekking through heat and over some rather beautiful passes, we came upon an amusing town, Jerome, built on stilts on the side of a mountain. The upper stories of the houses being on a level with the street, they presumably entered them through their attics.

We arrived at Montezuma's Castle—one of the best preserved cliff dwellings of its kind. Ladders have been riveted into the sides so

climbing up in the scorching sun each rung on the ladder burnt one's hands, but we climbed into rooms, cool and dark, and musty with age. We felt much at home in these cliff dwellings for they were probably the forerunners of our modern apartment houses. We lunched at the foot of the Castle on a quantity of fruit we brought with us. By this time it was becoming very warm, but we decided to go on to Montezuma's well some four or five miles distant. An old Arizona farmer, asking fifty cents per person, climbed up on his horse and told us to follow. It was a short steep hill and no road for the car, so on foot we climbed until we reached the summit of the hill. We looked down at a deep still pool which is said to be a natural artesian well; around the rim are cliff dwellings, but dilapidated and with little accessibility. We climbed down to the water's edge, peered into a deep cave, puffed our way to the top again and stood burning in the sun. We really were not so very hot but when the old farmer said: "reckon it was a hundred an' twenty-five or thirty out here in the sun," we began, immediately, to melt. The car looked good to us when we at last got back to it.

Thursday, July 16

Our one idea being to get past the desert and onto the Pacific coast, we decided to make an early start and reach Yuma—a jump of 328 miles. At three-thirty A.M. we were aroused by Mrs. A. banging frantically on our door. At four we were eating doughnuts and coffee in our rooms,—they weighed heavily upon us later in the day,—and at four-thirty we were on our way in the still cool morning. Stars were shining brightly in the bluish-black sky, and only pale, pink clouds in the distance hinted that it was near dawn. When daylight at last began to appear it came quickly, and the sun was hot. One of the hardest drives we had was from Prescott to Phoenix, over a bad mountainous road, with only the giant cacti breaking the monotony. We arrived in Phoenix in time for breakfast.

Everyone in Prescott had been telling us what an awful hole Phoenix was-of course it was warm, but it had trees and some rather lovely houses, and to our hungry eyes it was heaven. We left it with rather heavy hearts. expecting desert and bad roads; instead we found concrete and the land well irrigated, and land with any kind of water means green trees and good crops. This water was brought all the way from the Roosevelt dam some hundred miles away. However, this did not last all morning and we soon found sand, with tufts of dried sage brush stretching for miles; a hot wave began blowing across the open stretches, so, putting handkerchiefs over our faces to keep off the heat, we spent most of the day dozing. At Gila Bend we drew up to a little wooden shack where train men stopped to eat and had ice cream brought us in the car—it was the coolest lunch we could think of. We filled the car with water. It was amazing how much it could hold! Everytime we found a place to stop we filled it. We treated ourselves in a similar manner—near beer and horrible pop, at every stop, since the drinking water was not good in those parts.

About three o'clock we ran into ditches of dirty water across the road and found that the night previous they had had a cloud burst, the few houses we passed were lacking pieces of their roofs or other necessary parts.

It was five when we at last arrived in Yuma at the Hotel Arizona, the hottest place we had ever known. There is an amusing story about Yuma. A man living there died and went to hell; he soon found it chilly, it seems, and had to send home for his overcoat. We could readily appreciate that. Even the cold water in the bath came out hot, and everything we touched burnt. If we had stayed there long we would have come away baked through and possibly charred, as it was we only had a chance for a quick singe.

THE DESERT

Friday, July 17

We left Yuma at four o'clock in the morning. On the border line of California we were inspected for citrus, and had to drag all our bags out for a bored inspector to look for a lemon. We had no intention of disputing and delaying our departure from Yuma.

By four-thirty we started out across the real sand desert. Even at such an early hour of the morning the desert was burning hot. I doubt that it would be possible to stand it in the middle of the day. For six miles we saw nothing but soft heaps of sand, blown in ridges by the night breezes, and turning a yellow pink as the early sun rose higher and higher. We drove on a planked road with just enough room for one car. On this road at intervals of about a hundred feet stand posts with discarded automobile tires dangling as sentinels to warn one to look for an approaching car. At the foot of these posts

are wooden islands to allow one to draw off the main road. As one approaches their sentinel they look ahead to see if there is an oncoming car. For the road works both ways, if there should be one and he passed his sentinel—you pull aside onto your wooden island, to wait for him to pass. If a car once falls off there is no hope of retrieving it. We passed many cars, dug into the sand mutely waiting to slowly disintegrate.

We arrived in El Centro about eight o'clock in time for breakfast, somehow it seemed more like lunch. Then we struck the Imperial Valley—it was green and abundant; what a feeling of prosperity California gives one!

As we neared the ocean front it became delightfully cool, and only the previous night there had been unbearable heat.

Before us lay San Diego, a city full of little bungalows on the outskirts and quite a thriving commercial center, and there was the water—how blue and cool it looked! We took a ferry to the Hotel del Coronado at Coronado Beach, an imposing place, with big palms, lawns, and a swimming pool, and our rooms were cool and comfortable—such a change!

CALIFORNIA

SAN DIEGO

Saturday, July 18

This day we spent in making use of our surroundings and resting from the arduous trip across the desert.

In the afternoon we motored over to the much heralded Tia Juana. On passing the border you are asked a few questions, about how long you wish to stay and if you are American born? Then you are allowed to pass into the most bizarre of towns. It's atmosphere is that of a carnival, everything is for pleasure of living or maybe drinking, and the town consists of one bar after the other, most of them selling beer with large kegs

planted outside and on the roofs, dispersed between the bars are several dance halls and post card shops selling jumping beans and dressed fleas, also little slots where one drops a nickel, presses a lever, lets it gurgle a minute, then expects to win a flow of nickels. We played of course—lost, won and lost our winnings. We had expected marvelous horse racing and a thrilling town, but there was no racing during the summer months and the town was sordid and disappointing. Passing back into the United States one is stopped and inspected again.

Sunday, July 19

Point Loma is another sight of interest around San Diego. We drove over to the old Spanish fort—nothing more than a grey, shambly light house on the farthest tip with an enthralling view of the deep, blue, still water and the toy village, (so it seemed), of San Diego in the distance. We passed

through a modern fort, a barracks covered with bougainvillea and with men lazily spread over the porches, and we wondered what the old Spanish fort must have been.

Monday, July 20

At the boat house near the hotel we were able to obtain a conveniently sized fishing boat and a captain. So, getting up in the wee hours of the morning, we went down to the dock. The fishing appeared to be good, for all the other boats about us (we made for a fleet of real fishermen) seemed to be hauling them in. The captain told us they often caught tuna, but all we could get were a few albacore. The last part of the trip in through the bay we put out two surf boards and aquaplaned home. Of course we fell off and many a time big boats starting off to sea, ferry boats passing back and forth, were wont to hem us in-that only added to the sport.

POINT LOMA

Tuesday, July 21

On our way to Los Angeles we stopped at the Theosophist colony. It is the headquarters for the followers of Theosophy in the United States. Visitors are allowed from 10:30 to 12 and a very highly-educated, charming man is sure to be your guide. We had a Dr. Fussel, a man full of enthusiasm over their work and anxious for us to appreciate the best. The entire park they have built themselves, even to the leveling of the road and everyone works gratis, each doing his or her bit, thereby making an entirely spiritual surrounding without petty bickerings. From their position on Point Loma they have one of the most gorgeous views of the coast to be had anywhere, it is mostly bits of blue through trees and then an open stretch of white sand and clear water. The trees and palms are in abundance and add a peacefulness to the surroundings. They are all great music lovers and everyone plays some kind of an instrument. They have built a Greek amphitheatre of white marble with the water and trees for a background; a play there must be delightful. They are absolutely a world unto themselves.

The trip from San Diego to La Jolla where we had lunch at the Casa de Manana, was gorgeous as we passed through a forest of Torid Pines. They are said to be of another geological age. They have long thin needles well apart from each other and of a nice, soft, hazy green.

As we neared Los Angeles we passed many orange and walnut groves all carefully kept and with wonderful irrigation plants. We also passed many oil fields. California is indeed the land of abundance. We arrived at the large Hotel Biltmore in time to dress for dinner. It was good to be in the bustle of a large city again.

LOS ANGELES

Wednesday, July 22

Being in a city, we of course hurried out to the stores and enjoyed wearing ourselves out hopping from one shop to another. In the afternoon we drove out to Pasadena, a very attractive suburb with many pretty bungalows and streets bordered with palms.

CATALINA ISLAND

Thursday, July 23

We had been told we must go to Catalina so we set out. First we took a jiggly train rather like the "Toonerville Trolley"; then we arrived after an hour's journey at a dock where swarms of people were filing up a gang plank onto a boat; we followed and took the first seats we could obtain, which were in the stern near the orchestra that played cheerfully, while a boy in a white jacket ran up and down shouting "Lemon drops, extra sour,

specially prepared for sailing." People talked, laughed, the whistle blew and we were off. Arriving at Catalina some two hours later we found a clear bay, a Coney Island for its main street. Up on a hill overlooking the town was a home of Wrigley, the chewing gum king, and around the bend Hotel St. Catharine; but to get a bus not too crowded to convey us there was impossible, so we wandered up and down the main street looking at abalone shells, a huge fish caught by Zane Grey, boys and girls in large sombreros, tops of vivid colored bathing suits and white sailor trousers. From the rear as they walked down the street arm in arm it was impossible to differentiate between the sexes.

We had our lunch in a busy restaurant, and then took a glass-bottomed boat with many other people, and stared down at blue green water and kelp. We learned iodine is extracted from it. An occasional tiny fish swam past; we saw sea cucumbers, the lowest form of animal life. When we had gone off

shore several hundred feet, a diver swam under the boat for us, in and out of the rocks and when he came up he offered for sale abalone shells, bright and shiny. By that time we were back at the landing with two hours to wait for the return boat, and nothing to do; so we bought a bag of pop corn and sat on the pier. We would have liked going to the hotel and staying over night to see flying fish and numerous other odd fishes that came out at night, but the trip we had taken was a planned day tour.

HOLLYWOOD

Friday, July 24

Of course everyone must see Hollywood and the inside of at least one movie studio. We obtained a pass and started out expecting to see the entire galaxy, from Mary Pickford to the Mack Sennett bathing beauties playing tag with Ben Turpin. We found the town of Hollywood just like every other town only the people seemed to be busier. A very

nice Italian showed us through the F. B. O. studios, some poor girl under the glare of the kleig lights was trying to look very Spanish while men in uniforms pranced around outside of the set, occasionally rushing to their make-up box to apply a little more and wait until they should be "shot." We were also shown a real wild west movie town, but it being an unusually clear day, the actors were all "on location."

Beverly Hills had the real bungalows we were looking for. They were all in keeping with their surroundings and all beautifully carried out, but we did think they might have put their name plates on the gate posts, because who knows but that cunning house with the gay awnings might have belonged to Charlie Chaplin or another one of our favorites, and we were curious as most people are, going into movie-land.

We drove home along the beaches but they were another succession of Coney Islands and as there was a board walk down the main thoroughfare we had to drive down a small back street. The day was not a failure however for Hollywood was really nice, even if we did not see any stars. At dinner in our hotel, however, Constance Talmadge sat at the next table.

SANTA BARBARA

Saturday, July 25

Although an earthquake had shaken Santa Barbara not a month before, we packed off early. The first sign we had of the quake was some four or five miles from the city where the road had been badly broken and we were forced to detour; a few houses had their chimneys jiggled down; in fact, nearly every house whether it was badly hit or not had its chimneys off. As we turned down the main street we saw the most devastated mass, and people busy as beavers working to put it to rights; the quake had stalked down Main

Street and left a wreck behind it; only occasionally it carelessly flipped off a bit of this house or that on other streets, but the real wreck was in the heart of Santa Barbara. It odd how it struck one place and not another. The Hotel Arlington had crumpled like a pack of cards, but the hotel in which we stopped the El Mirasol, one of the most beautiful and attractive places we had seen,-was not touched except for its chimneys, because it was a series of cleverly arranged bungalows and when a building is low and well reinforced, it is apt to be pretty safe. Albert Herter designed the hotel and decorated it and he has made one of the most charming hotels we had been in. The main house has a dining room, lounge and a reading room full of books that one really would like to read and each bungalow is a series of apartments so arranged to fit any demand. We could have stayed there forever and Santa Barbara is such a lovely place.

Sunday, July 26

The drive up the coast was cold and damp and quite disagreeable but about noon-time we had worked our way into a scorching hot valley nearly twenty miles from the ocean, and the Sierra Nevada range kept the cool breezes away. We were dreadfully uncomfortable by lunch time when we stopped in Paso Robles at the Hotel Hot Springs. The hotel was large, rickety and old, and poor dilapidated people suffering from rheumatism sat about waiting for the hot springs bath to take effect. For the rest of the afternoon we were fairly warm, but as we came near Monterey a damp fog enveloped us and the surrounding country with its tall trees looked like faded Japanese prints through the mist. We arrived at the Pebble Beach Hotel overlooking the water, and there, also, the guests live in bungalows which are supplied with steam heat—a luxury duly appreciated, as it was rather cold.





THE COASTLINE AT MONTEREY.

Monday, July 27

In the morning we went to Monterey, a plain modern Western town except for the section around the wharf which has retained its picturesque Spanish quaintness, its nice pinkish custom house and the first brick house in California. They have also kept intact the home of Robert Louis Stevenson but, to our horror, they have placed a gasoline station in front. The old monastery of San Carlos is kept as it was originally. The Del Monte hotel had lately burnt down, so two pathetic wings stood looking down at a ghost of its former self in the most luxurious groves of big spreading trees, lawns and flowers. We spent a good half a morning looking at the dahlias and discussing their growth.

Carmel, a tea-shoppy and artistic town, looks down over a long white beach, and cunning little bungalows amidst heavy underbrush look out. The entire tiny town seems in a state of constant excitement and as Sin-

clair Lewis says "long haired men and short haired women chew the rag." The old monastery had been remodeled and a new wing added, a sad and terrible thing for people to do to America's only remains of early buildings on the Pacific Coast.

The fishing was most delightful, notwithstanding a cold, grey day. We hired a boat and tossed about in the high seas catching sea bass all afternoon.

Tuesday, July 28

We started by taking the seventeen mile drive, it is entirely on the water front and wind swept cypresses knotted into weird shapes are the only trees one sees for miles, they have a fascination that holds one. The country beyond Monterey was quite populated and they grow countless artichokes, large fields of low green plants much like a thistle. They even grow a little wheat around these parts.

We lunched at the St. George in Santa

Cruz. We motored six miles out of Santa Cruz to Big Trees, where in a special lot are said to be together the greatest and biggest Sequoias in the world. We found ourselves in the depths of a dark forest, a hush settled upon us and we wandered around in awe looking up at the giant trees; one was three hundred and six feet high, and sixty-five feet in circumference and said to be five thousand years old. The overpowering impression the trees give, is too deep for words. One would think the largeness would be too grotesque to be enjoyable, but it isn't, it is nature's greatness.

We arrived at the St. Francis in San Francisco late and tired, after having scooted over many high mountains, but all with beautiful roads.

SAN FRANCISCO

Wednesday, July 29

As women are wont to do, we spent the

morning shopping. The department stores are modern and up to a high standard.

In San Francisco one must see Chinatown. In former times one heard of dens of iniquity and underground passages and how the police were helpless in finding the master minds or ending smuggling, but what we found as we drove up a very steep hill, turned several corners and arrived in the midst of a polite street with Chinese stores, selling ash trays. The house most alluring and hinting most of the far East was an office for the Bell Telephone Company. We managed to part with our money and come back to our hotel laden down with presents from San Francisco for our friends East.

Just at sunset we drove out along the bay and saw the golden gate, water sparkling with gold and dark ships sailing by. The Presidio is a rather cold silent place just at dusk, but somehow one feels its soldier like force. At night we dined at a charming place called Tait's, out along the water front, beyond the park. If one wants a delicious meal, with crab claws and a fine steak and dancing in attractive surroundings, Tait's is the place to find it.

Thursday, July 30

Around San Francisco there are a number of colleges—not being able to go to all, we chose the Leland Stanford, as we had heard of its great beauty. Motoring to Palo Alto, the town in which the college is situated, we passed many small towns much like the suburb of any city. The college was built on the monastic style, a large court yard with a blue frieze on a building at the farther end, pillars and houses off from the court yard. We were rather disappointed as the chapel was closed and it is one of the important features of the college. Returning to San Francisco, we left the warm afternoon sun behind us and were

completely submerged by a heavy fog that descended about us like a blanket, damp and uncomfortable. The St. Francis Hotel was comfortable and we enjoyed stopping there.

Friday, July 31

Leaving San Francisco we turned toward the mountains, our destination being Mt. Lassen, the only active volcano in the United States. We had clung to the ocean front all along, as inland it was hard driving, mountainous and hot. But we wanted to see Mt. Lassen and we found it was fully worth it, even to the sacrifice of leaving good concrete roads for rocky narrow ones up and down the side of the mountains. We drove on into the depths of forest-deep tangled wildwood, tall gorgeous trees, pale green moss clinging to their limbs, the sunlight filtering through, a delicate pattern of lace with the depths of shadows and an occasional bird singing or a squirrel leaping, running, its tail bolt upright. An entire gorgeous day of this, with only the bad roads taking away from the complete enjoyment. Going at the slow pace that was absolutely imperative on these narrow roads, we found that nightfall was overtaking us. It was a bit distressing being on a narrow road, high up on a mountain top and only just room enough for one car. If we should meet another—what then? Fortune was with us. Presently the moon, a bright moon, shone down on us, through the filmy leaves and all the earth had gone to rest.

We came upon a camp, deep among the gigantic redwoods, a camp with many little yellowish red fires crackling—people singing—resting after their day's travel, a companionship and a warmth, that made one glow and fill with contentment. A few miles on we came to a town called Garberville, and we found a nice clean hotel—the Garberville Inn. We were told had we arrived earlier we would surely have had better rooms. As it

was they were clean, and in traveling that means a great deal.

Saturday, August 1

The next morning we started early as we were warned that it was a long distance and that the roads were quite as bad as the day before. But the surroundings were equally beautiful—if not more so.

Our lunch we had in the form of sandwiches, fruit, and clear cold mountain water we found in small springs trickling down the mossy rocks. Afternoon with its drowsy, easy spirit spread about us, among the trees, up hill and down. By late afternoon we were far from a sign of civilization or any living thing but birds, and the thought of those narrow roads after dark was nothing to look forward to, but presently we came upon a small camp, our first personal encounter with a motor camp; we had frequently (almost daily) seen them but we were never obliged to stay in one. Its name was Forest Glenn and

it was run by a fat and jolly proprietor. We were given two one room shacks, each with a double bed, a wooden stand with a cracked pitcher and bowl and a mirror that had a close resemblance to a babbling brook—in a brook one's reflection might have been more agreeable. We had supper in an assembly with a group of fellow tourists. The scene was very rustic, a quiet glenn—a tame deer that ate from your hand and dogs, barking and playful—cats sleepy and owls hooting far into the night.

Sunday, August 2

The next morning was bitterly cold and it was beastly having to wash in freezing water then sling at as near a safe distance as possible the soapy remains—a stray cat received one baptism. What about these romantic tales one hears of the great outdoor camping life? Poor misguided dreamers—we were stiff and sore from lumpy beds. We set forth again, and again we had the narrow mountain roads, and progress was slow.

About noon we arrived at Red Bluff, quite a nice town, and had a good substantial luncheon. After leaving Red Bluff we had a fiendish hot road to cross, all broken lava—lava beds for miles; somber dead wastes lay all about us in the burning sun and in the distance loomed large and majestic snow capped mountains.

About mid-afternoon we came to a village, with two stores, it was only a station for the bus that ran between Reno and points north. At this station we were able to reinforce ourselves with ice cream cones, soda crackers and taffy. Before us lay a wide gravel road under construction—what a joy and relief! Just as the sun began to set we came into the Lassen National Park, but we were still miles from Drakesbad, the place where we were to spend the night. However, the forest was a nice place with beautiful trees, well kept and absolutely wild. We came to a road with a sign that read "Kelly's camp and Drakesbad." We turned into it a bit disconsolate about leav-

ing our good road. There was darkness and wilderness about us and with the sense of real adventure we drove on. We imagined everything from wild animals tearing us to pieces to bandits holding us hostage for days, instead we came upon a small peaceful camp with tents, men in fishing clothes and bonfiresthis was Kelly's, and Drakesbad was three miles on, three miles is not far, but when it means darkness, narrow roads hemmed in by underbrush and craving for food-it seems as though three miles would bring you to the end of the world-but it didn't-it brought us to the foot of Mt. Lassen and a small bungalow with a group of tents clustered about a bonfire and people talking, singing and laughing in the clear moonlit night. A very charming man came out to greet us and we told him we had wired ahead for reservations, he shook his head thoughtfully and said he was sorry he had received no word and that he had no room for us, with which remark we all wept and pleaded with him to take us inhe thought a moment and said he could give us beds in the cottage—but of course the rooms would be small and uncomfortable; however, we welcomed the offer with open arms. It turned out an agreeable resting place for the night.

MT. LASSEN

Monday, August 3

As we had planned to spend only a half day at Mt. Lassen, we started early in the morning to see all the wonders. Every thing was within walking distance and we chose going to the boiling "paint pots" at Bumpass Springs.

It was a good walk of a mile over a forest path. At first we sprinted ahead, jumped over logs that lay across our road—ran and finally became totally exhausted our hearts pounding as if our last breaths were about to be drawn—it was the altitude. We were up six

thousand feet, and when one is not accustomed to it, it is hard on one's constitution. The rest of the mile we finished peaceably. We soon found ourselves on a crusty ground. Suddenly with a grumbling noise, a squirt of grey clay shot up over the edge of a hole in which a seething thick mass of clay boiled and bubbled—the odor was sulphurous. In looking about one saw crusty, billowy land, a brook, and smoke occasionally rising from the numerous boiling pots. Hetric insisted upon wading in the brook and was ever so upset to find the water ice cold while the bed was broiling hot. After having poked our noses into most of the pots we returned to the cottage, where some people were preparing to set forth on a horseback trip up the mountain—the crater being on the opposite side.

We rested a few moments and had the delightful sensation of having a delicious drink from a cold spring and washing our hands in water bubbling from a warm spring near by. We set off again up a very steep hill taking it slowly—by this time we knew better than to hurry. As we walked among the tall pines we looked out toward Mt. Lassen and there between two gorgeous straight trees we saw the mountain—a sloping snow covered peak, one of the loveliest mountains we had seen, and the deep blue sky behind! We came to the largest body of boiling water in the United States, green, boiling water with steam curling up.

After lunch we started back to Red Bluff. We hated to go, it had been so peaceful and cool, the mountain air had been so clear and sharp, but there were still a few places we wanted to see in the National Park. We had heard of an ice cave that was of so much interest. The Park had everything well directed—so an arrow reading "Ice Cave" we followed, notwithstanding we passed through a cow pasture with vicious looking bulls glar-

ing at us, swamps, sandpits and open fields. We came to a path where the car could no longer pass, so we clambered out and started walking. We climbed over a mountain covered, every inch of it, with lumps of cold lava, we climbed like monkeys up and up—we soon lost track of the path and were totally lost, and we wondered how an ice cave could survive in such a hot place. We were about to give up when we came upon a hole, a big black hole. We entered part way, it was cool; a wire led down into the recesses of the cave. We started down but it was slimy, dark and very precarious, for if we had once let go of the wire we could never have come up again, so we never got down far enough to see the ice but we felt the cold atmosphere. Thoroughly disgusted, dirty and hot, we returned to the car and did not try to see any more wonders of the park—for this one was a total failure. We worked our way back over the lava road to Red Bluff and the Hotel Tremont to spend

a hot night; the night before in the clear coolness of the mountain air at the foot of Mt. Lassen had been joy.

Tuesday, August 4

We had a good long run ahead of us and were delighted at our early start. The first part of our road was concrete and we sat back in joyous luxury after the lava roads of the previous day. The ride took us down through a corner of the Sacramento Valley, where fruit trees were heavily laden waiting to turn ripe—the valley was rich, flourishing and prosperous looking.

Continually before us loomed Mt. Shasta, a mountain that seemed architecturally perfect, with snow not only at its top but also down its side—one felt that, standing at the foot of it, one might reach up and grab a handful. We lunched in a small place known as Mt. Shasta Café with a high lunch counter and extra thick cups. It was very clean and good plain food. We had a delicious dish of

calves' liver and bacon, which could not have been cooked more to our liking. They had never heard of iced coffee—we taught them something new.

That afternoon we rode in flat open country and sped along at a fine rate. We arrived at the Medford Inn, Medford, Oregon. We were sorry to leave California.

CRATER LAKE

Wednesday, August 5

From here we journeyed on to Crater Lake—a mere hundred miles distant. We were soon in another of our National Parks. It was beautifully kept—our only objection being, they insisted upon plastering stickers with the name of the Park on the windshield; some people reveled in it; in fact, some had their cars literally covered with them. There are also speed limits in the Parks, but we ignored the laws that morning, sped up the broad gravel road, a rushing river at one

side in which we hoped to fish and a dense forest all about us. We approached the gates to the inner Park to Crater Lake and were hailed by two boys, rangers, who stepped out from their little cottage and said, "you've been speeding." We looked a bit sheepish and were about to plead off, when one of the boys said, "Why you are from New York! so are we." And with that we fell to talking and almost forgot about Crater Lake in our excitement at seeing someone from home, one of the most pleasant experiences a traveler can have.

We drove on up to Crater Lake, arriving in good spirits at the Crater Lake Inn in time for lunch. The Lake is one of the most remarkable as well as beautiful sights there are; it seems that the mountain was once a volcano and at one time swallowed its entire cone and the hole soon became a lake from accumulation of rain water and snow drifts—it is all perfectly still and a clear blue, the reflection





A FRIENDLY OBSERVER.

of the sky. There is in the lake a new cone that protrudes just the tiniest bit—a small island. The Inn is at the rim; a thousand feet below the lake begins. After lunch we took the rim drive—a ride of about thirty miles. It was gorgeous, for on one side was the lake, and on the other we could look off for miles at the surrounding country. On the way out, instead of going all the way back to Medford, we stopped at a place called Rouge Elk Inn, a charming place where we hoped to fish. We were told that Zane Grey comes there at least once a year. It was very quiet and we were about the only people there.

Thursday, August 6

In motoring there are times when one needs a rest from the car, and as this place was so peaceful we decided to stay on and fish. The season for catching salmon was over but we were game to set out for whatever might come our way. Nothing much did come our way but a good time, and getting wet by slipping into the river.

Friday, August 7

As we had rested the previous day, we planned to take a jump to Portland. We began directly after breakfast. The man and wife who ran the Inn assured us we could make it, as they had done so themselves in a car of less speed than ours. The country was just plain brown and mountainous, sometimes turning into farming lands of wheat or artichokes. We arrived a little late for luncheon and went to a place on the main street called "The Rainbow Cafe." We motored strenuously all afternoon and arrived tired out in Portland, very noisy to us after the stillness of the country. The new main hotel was filled and we had to stop at the one time gorgeous place, now a bit worn, called the Portland Hotel. There was a convention of traveling salesmen in the city which tended to overcrowd it.

We dined in our rooms and had enormous crab claws, served in what seemed plates but were really chunks of ice scooped out to resemble glass dishes. It was fascinating to eat off them.

PORTLAND

Saturday, August 8

Starting early we hoped to avoid the crowds on the Columbia Highway, just outside Portland. It is indeed a lovely drive all along the river and on the inland side many beautiful waterfalls tumbling from afar. We had the view at the bottom and some would have been gorgeous if there had been enough water, but it was late in the season and everything had dried up to a great extent, also another difficulty which we had to accept was the dense smoke from the forest fires. We could only see that which was near by—the distance was grey smoke. We lunched at the Gorge Hotel, a nice tavern overlooking the Columbia

River, and we of course had salmon. We turned back to Portland a bit disappointed, for it should have been a marvelous ride and probably would have been, but for the thick smoke.

TACOMA

Sunday, August 9

It was a short trip from Portland to Tacoma, but we had forgotten about Sunday driving and a populated country, so we were compelled to stop at a place called Kelso for lunch, which was not choice, and straggled into Tacoma well on in the afternoon. We stopped at the Winthrop Hotel an ever so attractive and up to date hotel, in fact it seemed too far in advance for the city. Tacoma was attractive and as we had friends there we remained a few days.

Monday, August 10

The day we spent in leisure. The sky was dark and grey from the smoke of the forest

fires, a small red ball faintly glowing, made us realize that the sun was actually shining.

MT. RAINIER

Tuesday, August 11

Mt. Rainier was but a short distance away, so we planned going up and having lunch in Paradise Valley—the trip up the mountain was beautifully graded and the gorgeous Douglas firs grew tall and straight all about us; it was one of the few mountains that had almost no panoramic views. One only realized how high they were by looking down over the edge—then it was rather terrifying to look into the abyss. We arrived at Paradise Valley and had a great disappointment, the smoke was so dense we could see nothing of Mt. Rainier's snow covered peak. We lunched at the Inn, a veritable madhouse of tourists.

On the trip down we saw the Rainier Glacier, a huge cake of dirty snow—with a river

of whitish water crashing over rocks with frigid turbulence. In the past twenty years the glacier had worn back about a hundred feet, a great amount. The glacial water had worn the rocks as smooth as satin.

Wednesday, August 12

Our friend Mr. C. had told us about the marvelous fishing off Port Defiance and so we devoted the day to seeing what we could bring in. We set out in row boats and sat jogging up and down. It was a cold grey day, wonderful for fishing as a rule—it did not prove so with us, however—we caught a few, but the bay was infested with dog fish.

Thursday, August 13

We would have enjoyed staying on in Tacoma—but there was Victoria over on Vancouver Island, Canada, waiting for us and we wanted to spend a few days there. We went by way of Port Angelus. It was a grey day when we started, and as the day wore on it began to rain. We had prepared to take our lunch with us. But this time we had left all small towns behind us and we were obliged to eat by the roadside whether we wished it or not.

We arrived at Port Angelus after a rather nice ride along the water front, notwithstanding the rain, in time for the ferry and we drove aboard. It was a short ride of a half an hour. As we left the shore we also left the rain and came out into the golden glow of a sunset. We turned into the pretty little harbor of Victoria; it is square and bound on one side by the handsome houses of Parliament, on the other by a grey stone bank and club and directly to the front is the Empress Hotel, covered with shimmery, smooth ivy and a border of brilliant blue flowers around the walks. We stopped at the Empress—a lovely hotel in every respect with a delicious table.

VICTORIA

Friday, August 14

Vancouver Island has many lovely places to drive. One of the most famous are the Buchart's gardens. It took us about a half an hour each way. The gardens are the most beautifully appointed and arranged to be found. The Bucharts have thrown them open to all visitors and Mrs. Buchart told us that only once to their knowledge had their hospitality been abused. To describe the gardens and in doing so give them their full due would be as impossible as to grow such a place over night. They are a succession of gardens each in itself beautiful and at the same time in harmony with its neighbor. Only time, great time, understanding and love of the work could create such a place. They even turned an abandoned quarry into a sunken garden.

Saturday, August 15

In Puget Sound we tried fishing for salmon,

but no luck at all. Mr. A. blamed it on a black cat, but whatever it was we caught no fish—much to the chagrin of our Cockney boatman who insisted "h'it was the very first tyme this year 'e 'ad returned without one fish!" He implored us to come back the next morning.

Victoria is an adorable town—so very clean and systematic—one feels that people living there could have no troubles, for it looks like a toy. In the afternoon we took a drive known as the Malhit Drive; it takes you through the tangled, fern-covered part of the Island, it winds you around by roads that give you sweeping views of the island and water an brings you around home again for tea.

At night we went out to an observatory—the next to the largest in the world—and peered through the enormous telescope at Saturn. We really expected more, at least we hoped to see bumps on the star, but no, it was just a haze of brilliant light. The entire roof of the observatory revolved; it was such

an odd feeling to stand in a room (it was all white and cleanly mechanical) and have the entire ceiling revolve.

Sunday, August 16

We set out again to go salmon fishing and this time luck was with us. We had the good fortune to catch nineteen, and one that Hetric caught weighed over twenty-two pounds. That was fishing!

We took the Marine Drive all along the deep blue water where wind-blown trees stood about in odd shapes, and craggy rocks protruded far into the water. Vancouver Island was altogether lovely.

Monday, August 17

Early in the morning we again went fishing, spurred on by the encouragement of the day before. We caught eight but somehow, after nineteen, it seemed small.

Just before we left we ran in to see the House of Parliament, a silent stone building with vacant chairs and impressive desks. We boarded the three o'clock boat for Vancouver and felt sad as we saw how familiar landmarks drift out of sight—for we had enjoyed our visit in Victoria so much.

It was a sail of three hours and a very pleasant one, too. We arrived at the Vancouver Hotel in a jumble of people, bags, bell hops and general excitement. Our rooms were not ready for us, so we were asked to dine first and later were shown to large comfortable rooms.

VANCOUVER

Tuesday, August 18

Before leaving Vancouver we took a ride about Stanley Park, a most extraordinary place—it is as wild as the deepest woods and yet in the heart of the city. It is very beautiful and has many old landmarks. In one part is a clearing where stand three mammoth totem poles, the most beautiful of their

kind, each more grotesque than the other and in vivid colors. Not having a great amount of time to spend, we hurried through.

On crossing the border line we of course had to stop, give almost our life history and state what we had bought. The inspector was an unusually nice man and did not hold us up longer than necessary. We lunched at the Hotel Leopold in Bellingham; it was a very nice place, the only difficulty being; we came upon a Rotary luncheon and there were profuse speeches and applause and all the waiters seemed vastly interested.

As we approached Seattle the smoke from the forest fires began clouding the sky and our view again became limited to what was immediately around us.

All through California we had passed fox farms and each time we had wanted to stop but never could manage it. This day, however, we had time to spend, so when we saw a particularly attractive one we drew up. The man in charge was most obliging and showed

us around the kennels. He called the little animals by name, and they responded very much like dogs. They had not yet grown their coats, so that they looked extremely thin, but yet lovely and soft to the touch. They brought enormous prices—two thousand dollars a pair. He always sold them alive how could be kill them when he treated them as pets? We arrived at the Olympic Hotel in time to dress for dinner.

SEATTLE

Wednesday, August 19

Seattle seemed just the place to go shopping; every other store was a gift shop, the entire lower floor of the hotel had been converted into small shops and along every street we found them. One in particular was amusing; it was named the "Old Curiosity Shop" (so very original) but it was indeed a "Curiosity Shop," what with its assortment of oddities that ranged from pickled fish to precious stones, a regular mad house of junk, and occasionally one came across a thing worth while.

That afternoon we took a ride about Seattle, a large rambling city—a great deal of it rather usual but here and there came lovely homes. Lake Washington adds picturesqueness to an otherwise plain section of the city—row upon row of discarded battle ships lay in gloomy naval neatness and small children in bright bathing suits swam about laughing.

Thursday, August 20

We were at last facing East. The sun was in our eyes in the morning instead of the late afternoon, it was hard to become adjusted to the change—the position of the sun makes such a difference when motoring. All day we had a dry hot road and ate our lunch by the roadside, we found a nice stream and really enjoyed our picnic. All afternoon the sun was burning hot and the road was long

and tedious. We arrived in Wenachee not quite sure at what hotel we were going to stay. We gazed down the main street and took in both hotels, and chose the Hotel Elman. Our rooms were nice. On entering ours we found a desk, two chairs and a bureau, but no bed—in great perplexity we asked the bell hop (well in his sixties) where our bed was. He reached over the desk, pulled on the middle drawer; it came quickly and easily with a big double bed that concealed itself underneath the bathroom that was up two or three feet from the level of the floor. Sleeping in a bed so low to the floor was agreeably cool.

Friday, August 21

Another hot day and dry dusty roads; in fact, if a car happened to be a quarter of a mile ahead of us we were eating their dust. There was quite a dry wind that blew across the sere brown fields and gathered clouds of dust, at one time we became immersed in one of these wind devils and simply had to bring

the car to complete standstill. Our faces had a tan crust and felt stiff and uncomfortable. We were near no towns, so we looked about for a shady spot in which to lunch. There was no such thing so we sat in the car eating cheese, drinking sparingly of our water and sprinkling pepper and salt on pieces of bread, an odd idea but with some imagination it resembles in taste a chicken sandwich.

We arrived at Spokane about four, miserably dirty people entering the Davenport Hotel, a gorgeously luxurious hotel. We rather felt we should be ushered in the back way. Our rooms were large and beautiful; in fact, so large we could not spread over the entire territory no matter how hard we tried. The dining room was gaily ornamented with canary birds in brilliant cages and many fish bowls, the waitresses wearing quaint colonial costumes. The food was excellent.

Saturday, August 22

Just forty miles from Spokane is a charm-

ing sporting place called Bonzanta Tavern, on Hayden Lake. The Tavern is built on the style of a Swiss chalet, with verandas overlooking the lake. There is one main room with large fireplaces, chairs and sofas, it had the ease and almost luxurious comfort of a club house.

The weather had turned cold and drizzly, but still we could fish and a few brave golfers started around the green course. The lake had the reputation of having fish, so in two row boats we set out. But aside from having a hard time to row against the waves and catching snags we only caught three fish. We came in for dinner and sat around playing bridge in the main room. As it was Saturday they had an orchestra and many people from town came out.

Sunday, August 23

It rained hard all night, so our plan to rise early was abandoned and we slept on, however, we took one turn around the lake before lunch. We left the Tavern for Wallace directly after. The roads had become wet, soggy and slippery from the rain. The main road was closed and we had to take a back country one that lay between two mountains. There was a great deal of mining in that part of the country. We arrived very late at Wallace and went to the Hotel Samuel, a rather dingy house but the best the place had to offer. Looking out of our windows we saw a small grey town hemmed in by abrupt brown mountains.

Monday, August 24

The morning was cool and rather cloudy and as our trip was not a long one we set out in great spirits. We bought some corn and had a delicious luncheon. When all goes right it is great fun to cook your own lunch. We also tried a little fishing—but that came to nothing. The country was massive. The land was fertile and green, for there was water.

We arrived at Missoula, a delightful one street town, with pavements and department stores and a little bustle. We were shown to rather dingy rooms in the Hotel Florence.

Tuesday, August 25

Mr. A. had a friend living in Hamilton, a town not far distant, and we decided to take a day off and run over and see him, for he had an apple ranch of a thousand acres and we wanted to see a ranch in close contact. We had no definite idea of just where he lived but we asked questions along the way. It was a clear day, rather warm. At last after having left the main road, scrambled over rough ones up and down hill—we arrived at Mr. T.'s cunning cabin that was set in the center of an apple orchard—the vision of that place in the spring must be very beautiful. There was a dog, Bobby, a cross between a collie and a sheep dog; his adorable personality would have won anyone.

Our car required some adjustment, so we

piled into Mr. T.'s 1914 Buick, a marvelous affair, marvelous in the fact that it did not fall apart. We were taken around the ranch. It was an odd ride, we rarely stuck to the road but ambled about in the sage brush, fell into a ditch and scooted up and down hills at a great rate, bouncing up and down all the time on broken springs. The trip had all the thrills of a roller coaster.

A frost had descended upon the valley late in the winter and nipped all the fruit, so there was not an apple on the ranch, a great disappointment and loss. We were taken to the store house where the apples were packed, but the inactivity and stillness were pathetic.

The car seemed to need numerous repairs—so we remained in the Buick and went to the nearest town, Hamilton, for lunch. We ate at a Chinaman's and never did we have such good corn or T-bone steak. Instead of returning to Missoula we took accommodations at the Tourist Hotel, a dismal place. We

spent the afternoon on the hot porch of Mr. T.'s cottage. Our car was far from well but managed to stagger into Hamilton and the garage. Mr. A. and Hetric stayed up the greater part of the night with it, but it was in no mood to respond to treatment.

Wednesday, August 26

The morning was spent walking up and down Hamilton; the garage was at one end of the street, the hotel at the other. At last we resorted to a game of bridge. Lunch again we had at the Chinaman's. We never ate so many ears of corn in our lives. For the first time we had almost enough, and such luscious strawberries as we had for dessert.

There was a brief rain storm and after the shower things began to clear for us. The car was fixed and we returned to Missoula. In the same hotel "The Florence," where a night ago we had had old shabby rooms, we were now taken to wonderful modern ones with all conveniences, a delightful surprise.

Thursday, August 27

We prevailed upon Mr. T. to come with us to Butte. We put in a supply of food for lunch along the roadside and also had hopes for fishing. The day began brightly and about eleven o'clock we found a nice bubbling river in which to fish. We stayed there for some time and had our lunch there. We drove on and arrived in Butte before five at the Hotel Finlen. It was a cold grey town and had the appearance of being hard and brutal.

Friday, August 28

Soon after leaving Butte we crossed the Continental Divide, and then rode through big open sweeps, with rolling hills and farther on mountains rising up all around us. Unlike the southern stretches of prairie where you could see nothing until you were upon it, here you could see for miles across the low brown grass. As we neared Bozman, a black sinister cloud looking to us like a cyclone spread before us while we were still in the glaring

sun with the blue sky overhead. While we were lunching at the Hotel Bozman there was a sudden downpour, it soon cleared and we started for Livingston, but luck was not with us, the road on which we had to drive had a hard bottom with a surface of loose, slimy mud. For fifteen miles we skidded along sideways not knowing what might happen next. At last we reached Livingston, where a good stiff gale had begun. We turned south from there into a small canyon. It was a ride of about sixty miles to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. As we drove along through the canyon a slow drizzle came down and beat against the windshield, in a little while it passed and just bridging the canyon behind us was a brilliant double rainbow. Nothing seems lovelier or more radiantly hopeful than a rainbow, a stripe of vivid color that has no definite beginning or end, if one could only get directly under it.

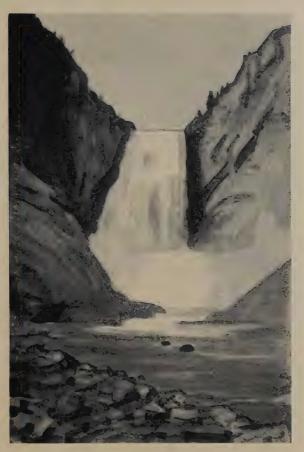
It became quite cold as we came into the Park. The first sight in view was the Mammoth Hot Springs, terrace-like cones of steaming, dribbling water. In front of each hotel as a decoration stands an original old stage-coach, we wanted so to ride in one! The hotel is very like a hospital, big, white and sanitary. Being rather late in the season, fellow tourists, to our great joy, were few.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Saturday, August 29

Before us lay the wonders of the Yellowstone National Park, a vast and exciting place. To record all of it would be an impossibility for one's mind reels with each new wonder, to describe which would take days upon days.

During the cold clear and crisp morning we passed Electric Peak, a mountain that attracts electricity. It is said if one could climb it his watch would stop, a curious phenomena. We also passed "glass mountain"—not really glass but obsidian, black shiny stone that gleams as brightly as cut glass when the



THE MUSIC OF MANY WATERS,



sun shines on it. Then the Norris Basin, a large low flat place, where hundreds of bubbling mud pots sputter and spit and occasionally send up a stream of hot water. The sulphurous odor was appalling! One particular pot, quite large and dark, was named Black Growler, a good name, for it puffed and snorted just like an engine, and spat out at us as we walked by.

Leaving here, we headed for Old Faithful Inn; directly in front of the Inn was that supreme geyser, Old Faithful. Just as we turned the curve coming up to the Inn we saw Old Faithful in eruption, a stream of pure boiling water sending off bubbles as bright as diamonds in the midst of clean white steam, against a blue noonday sky, and in the West the sky is clearer and bluer than anywhere else. By the time we reached the Inn it had died down and we had to wait fifty minutes before another spout. We had our lunch in the meantime and settled the bags in our rooms. Then we went out to sit and wait—wait and

wonder. Somehow, each time when the rumbling begins underground, the effort seems so great one thinks it will never happen, then another rumble, another try, one's whole body quivers with excitement and with a rush and a swish it rises up into the sky, the most beautiful natural sight we had yet seen.

We were lucky, for we happened on a day when the "Castle," "Riverside," the "Fan" and numerous other geysers were working. Most of them erupt on the average of every four or five days, but their intervals vary.

The next we came upon was Morning Glory Pool, a pool level with the road and deep down, shading into the shape of a morning glory, with the same lovely, purply blue tones coming from its depths. Also handkerchief pool, an amusing place where you drop your handkerchief and it whirls around a moment, sinks down into a deep hole and then comes slowly curling up clean and with a fragrance of freshness. There is a legend about this pool to the effect that, anyone dropping a

handkerchief into it will be married within the year if it rises. Incidentally it always does come up, even if the process is slow, sometimes stretching to hours.

We went back to the Inn and watched Old Faithful many times; in fact, we stayed up until late into the night gazing at it in wonderment—it looked so magnificent in the moonlight and the black night sky behind.

Sunday, August 30

We went out to see sapphire pool; sapphire is a perfect description, it thrilled one just to look at it, the pool boils over every five minutes and has formed an odd looking crust around it, they call it Biscuit Basin, here there is a small geyser called the Jewel, it is a brilliant jewel, although small it is absolute perfection. To think of so many wonders being within one area like Yellowstone Park.

After lunch we had one parting look at Old Faithful and left for the Yellowstone Canyon. The last geyser we saw was The Lone Star;

it was a large cone and the jet came spouting from this every five hours. We waited a half an hour for it.

Yellowstone Canyon from one of the landings called Artist's Point, was a mass of craggy yellow, red, white and green rocks in a deep narrow abyss with a turbulent river far below; somehow it was more impressive than the Grand Canyon of Arizona. This was not so massive and perhaps for that reason more comprehensive to the human mind. This Canyon was gorgeous, fascinating, it kept one looking, looking with no particular thought but—how wonderful! Sunset sent a hazy pinky glow deep down and all the world seemed still and waiting—only the rush of the river sent a quiet hum over all.

The Canyon Hotel was a remarkable place architecturally; evidently the surroundings had influenced its designer. It was large, rambling, half futuristic, half Chinese, maybe a Chinese puzzle. It looked as if a moving picture director had ordered it for his next orgy scene—even our bags were taken from us and sent up mysteriously by some back way.

Monday, August 31

There was to be a buffalo roundup, one of the events of the year, so we left the Hotel early and went out to Buffalo ranch. When we arrived there we found we had to discard our automobile and climb into a stagecoach, just what we had wanted. We climbed on top with the driver, who was an amusing soul and talked as if he were a product of the great wild country of the buffalo and the deer, but on questioning him we found that he hailed from Chicago. We held on with all our might and main, for we forded rivers and rode over bumpy ground,—how the delicate ladies of the gay nineties bore up we don't know.

It was all very exciting—off in the distance we saw the herd of buffalo grazing, a clumsy lot, sheeplike in their actions. We were on

a broad plain, with mountains rising up far away and there were cowboys and Indians, it was the real West, the kind one finds in the movies. We were taken to a large rock where there were other people, mostly camera men anxious for anything new. We were given lunch boxes put up by the hotel and left in the burning sun to wait. This was the first year they had ever had a roundup. At last there was a whoop from the cowboys and they began stampeding the buffalo by exciting them with yells. Soon the entire herd began galloping, faster and faster, such speed! the fastest horse could not keep up with them and soon the buffalo were out of control and were beating it for the hills; it was a good hour before the cowboys had them rounded up again and galloping up and down for our benefit. It began to rain unfortunately and the buffalo seemed bored with running, so we all climbed back into the stagecoaches and jogged along to our cars. It was an exciting experience.

We went back to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel and retired early, quite tired.

Tuesday, Sept. 1

We hated leaving Yellowstone—such a nice place and the rangers were such attractive young men! It soon became very hot and we settled down to dry dismal country. We came out the Livingston side because we wished to see the battle field of Custer's Last Stand. We went far out of our way and in broiling heat arrived at the battle field. We came to a small house where the only thing we found was a tablet with Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, nailed to the wall, very curious indeed, for what did that have to do with Custer? The guide was in no mood to bother with us, so he remained indifferently seated on the porch and growled directions to us. We left with a sense of having wasted time and energy —for that was a most unfitting tribute.

One redeeming feature of the day was that we found a nice place to lunch, Hunter's Lodge, an oasis in the center of a dry, hot country. It was clean, fresh and most cool. We drove on in the heat until we came to Billings, an amusing place with railroads running through the center of town. The Northern Hotel was quite good and the food was far from bad.

Wednesday, Sept. 2

We motored on through hilly country, barren and tiresome, civilization seemed far away, New York seemed almost Paris in its distance. We lunched by the roadside under a clump of trees, for there were no towns in which to stop, and cheese, crackers and fruit were becoming quite a satisfying lunch and we were never without our bar of candy even if it did turn into thick chocolate soup.

We came into Buffalo quite early, arriving at the Occidental Hotel with a river running beside it and soon found we could have the rare adventure of fishing from a door in our bedrooms, by merely stepping outside the

door and going up and down the banks. Out came our rods and we fished for some time up and down stream, accompanied by an amusing tow-headed cowboy, who told us he had been to New York once on his way "over seas." He had been wounded in his right foot, or, on his thinking it over, maybe it was his left. He sold horses and pigs and was on his way home now-he hoped he would find all his cattle, because when he left he just turned them loose, took his supply of grub down to his neighbors and came on to town. He made us climb up on his horse bareback. We found it a problem to stick on and marveled how the country children managed to gallop along easily holding only to the horse's mane.

Thursday, Sept. 3

We started very early. All morning we drove through oil fields, grewsome structures, the wells, with their pumps squeaking and pounding. We passed Tea Pot mountain

named after its shape and in the little town of Tea Pot someone with a sense of humor had named the two hotels nothing more than wooden shanties standing side by side, "The Plaza" and "The Ritz."

Travel was slow because the rain had made the muddy roads all soft and squashy. About twenty miles outside of Caspar we came upon a gorgeous concrete road, the first we had seen in ages, and we went sailing along, leaving the grimy oil fields with their disagreeable odor far behind. Caspar was a flourishing city. We lunched at The Townsend, a very nice hotel, then motored on all afternoon through a succession of storms. For a moment all would be black, rain would beat down furiously, a flash of lightning, peals of thunder and then a sky clear and weird with another storm near by. The storms out west are ever so odd in this respect—they never come singly but in a series. Quite late we came into Wheatland, the first town for miles, and what a town!-a desolate rain soaked village. We chose between the two hotels and took the Noble, the other could not have been worse.

Friday, Sept. 4

The morning was hot and clear and the hope of soon approaching real civilization urged us on. By this time with just dismal country, no accommodations, no excitement we were becoming bored and eager for the more cultivated lands. Our road ran by the side of a railroad track and there were no places to stop for lunch, so out came our trusty cheese and fruit. Quite early in the afternoon we arrived in Sidney and went to the Commercial Hotel, a terrible place, our rooms were directly over a railroad station and the engines seemed to be stationed right beneath our window and signals from the trainmen were yelled up and down the tracks in hard voices. It was beastly hot and the puffing of the engines seemed to intensify it. We ate at a Chinaman's, a dirty hole with abominahle food.

Saturday, Sept. 5

The country all morning was tiresome, large, flat brown spaces. We stopped at North Platte for lunch and decided the Railroad Station looked better than any other place in town. The station seemed to be quite the élite place—for a luncheon party of all the fashionable women in town, dressed up to the nth degree, were sitting at many little tables with pink floral decorations in the center. The only trouble with such grandeur was that we received no service and finally had to resort to trainmen and the counter. The food was excellent, and such luscious doughnuts!

We hurried on because we hoped so much that we might reach Omaha that night—but it was impossible; it was hot and the roads were not very good and we were passing more towns, so, very weary, we stopped in Grand Island at the Nancey Hotel, most satisfactory. From our window that evening we saw a sunset, a kind we had never seen before; it could

be described as a bloody one with stripes of green, blue and violet, at last it faded off into the hot haze.

Sunday, Sept. 6

We left Grand Island quite early as we were afraid of the Sunday crowds, but we found a back route and sailed along, not once coming below forty-five. We came into Omaha, a city, a real city, to us at the moment more of a metropolis than New York. We stopped at an excellent hotel, the Fonteville, with every comfortable convenience. We lunched in our rooms in peace.

OMAHA

Monday, Sept. 7

Omaha was a rather quaint city, with many tiny houses. It is very countrified, with lovely parks and broad streets. It was a holiday, Labor Day, and the city was very peaceful and contented.

Tuesday, Sept. 8

And still another day we spent in Omaha; a good rest somehow seemed the best thing for tus, and as we had a number of friends we had a very nice time.

Wednesday, Sept. 9

It was raining quite hard when we started, but soon the rain subsided to a nice easy drizzle that lasted most of the day. We lunched at Dennison.

DENNISON

We passed numerous cleared fields—bordered with huge search lights and a tower with a cornucopia shaped bag catching the wind and in this way showing in which direction it was blowing. We found these fields to be landing places for the Air Mail. Our roads were very bad and we had almost to creep along, but now we had Chicago in view and somehow the desire really to get there kept up our spirits. The night we spent in Wheatland at the Hotel Evans.

Thursday, Sept. 10

The first part of our trip was rather difficult as rain had made the roads slippery and it was slow travel. Lunch we had at the Lafayette in Clinton and after that our luck changed. The rain ceased and before us lay one continuous road of concrete to Chicago. It was night by the time we arrived and all the lights were on; it was dazzling and exciting. We were in a metropolis.

The Drake Hotel was a gorgeous place and our rooms were big and comfortable, overlooking the Lake.

CHICAGO

Friday, Sept. 11

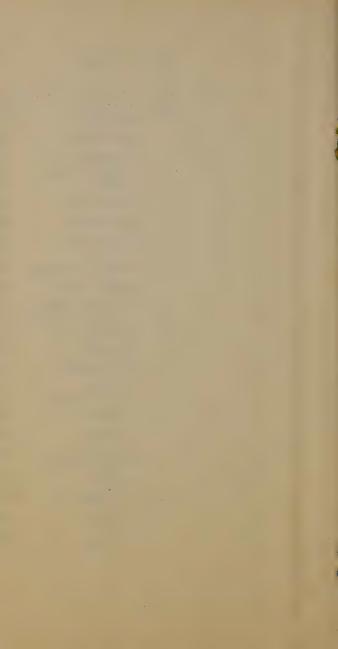
It was a grey day turning off into fine drizzle, but we were in a city and quite content to go about dodging automobiles, looking at tall buildings and going through the shops.

Saturday, Sept. 12

One member of our party became ill in Chicago and was rushed home by train, so the remainder of us hurried home by way of upper New York state, straight through to Toledo and spent the night at the Hotel Secor, then to Cleveland where we stopped for a hurried lunch. We reached Erie where we spent the night. The following day we became lost in our eager effort for short cuts and at last arrived at Oswego for the night.

The next day we reached New York—September fifteenth, three days short of exactly three months.

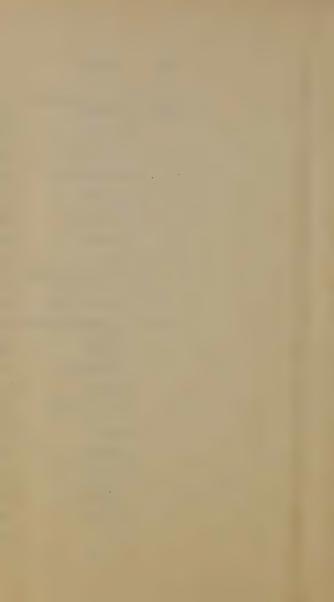
| Date | From | То | Trip Side Miles Mile | | | Oi Qt | | | Hotel | Lunch | Roads | Car |
|------|--|--|---|--|---|----------|------------------------|---|---|---|---|--|
| June | 19 New York 20 Valley Forge 21 Bedford 22 Pittsburg 23 Zanesville 24 Indianapolis 25 St. Louis 26 St. Louis 27 Sedalia 28 Kansas City 29 Hutchinson | Valley Forge Bedford Pittsburg Zanesville Indianapolis St. Louis Stop over Sedalia Kansas City Hutchinson Syracuse | 209 110 275 250 | 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 | 4.16 20 5.20 10 2.60 21 5.35 23 5.62 27 5.64 5 1.08 17 3.57 12 3.00 27 5.91 21 4.67 | 10 | 2 .5 0 2.5 0 2.5 | George Washington Inn Fort Bedford Inn William Penn Clarenden Hotel Severin Chase Hotel " Hotel Terry Hotel Muelbach Hotel Stamery Harvey House Sequoia | Road house poor Excellent Good but poor service Poor Excellent Excellent Old but good food. Very good Very good Very good Excellent | York, Colonial, Good Pittsburg Claysville, restaurant Springfield, Bancroft Effingham, restaurant Jefferson City, Poor Emporia, Hotel Broadview. Dodge City Harvey House | Very good Very good Alt. 2200 Very good Alt. 2800 Very good brick hilly Very good concrete Very good concrete Stone and Gravel fair All dirt, main road under con. Good 78 miles concrete Good dirt if dry 36 mi. concrete. Good dirt if dry | Carburetor float stuck Would not climb in high Good performance Good performance Good performance Changed carb. to 24–8 Adjusted breaker pts. Cleaned carbon Good performance Good performance Good performance Good performance |
| July | 2 Corley Mt. Road 3 Pikes Peak 4 Denver and return 5 Colorado Springs 6 Alamosa 7 Santa Fe 8 Santa Fe 9 Socorro 10 Springerville 11 Winslow 12 Grand Canyon 13 Bright Angel Trai | Santa Fe Cliff Dwellers, etc. Socorro Springerville Winslow Grand Canyon | trified Forest 10 19 178 191 . 155 164 136 154 | 244 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 | 492 | 10 | | Antlers Hotel """ "" "" San Louis Hotel La Fonda "" Val Verde Apache Tavern Harvey House Hotel El Tovar "" | Small, no bath, no meals Excellent Small but good Small & only fair Very good Very good | Walsenburg Hotel, fair Taos, very poor Albuquerque, Alvarado Roadside Roadside Roadside | Good dirt if dry Good dirt Alt. 10000 Good Gravel alt. 14721 Very rough and poor Good hard dirt Sandy very narrow fair Sand & gravel alt. 7000. Sand & gravel & concrete alt. 5000. Gravel & dirt not good. Good gravel Rough clay & gravel poor. Sand & gravel fair | Good performance Good carb. reset. 19–9 Good carb. reset. 21–8 Good performance |
| | on mules 14 Grand Canyon 15 Prescott 16 Prescott 17 Yuma | Prescott Montezuma Castle Yuma San Diego | $ \begin{array}{r} 143 \\ \hline 318 \\ 194 \\ \hline 3821 \\ \end{array} $ | 10 1 2 1 | 20 5.88 15 4.25 29 8.12 19 3.83 ——————————————————————————————————— | . | _ | Hotel St. Michael " " Hotel Arizona Coronado Beach | Fair, no meals Poor, no meals Excellent | Ashfork Harvey house Clarksdale Gila Bend Coranado Beach | Gravel, new & very good. Very good & well graded generally fair. Sand & Gravel 20 very good Sand & gravel good | Good performance Good performance Good performance Good performance |

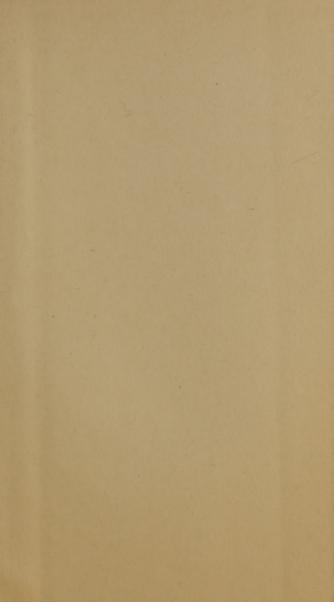


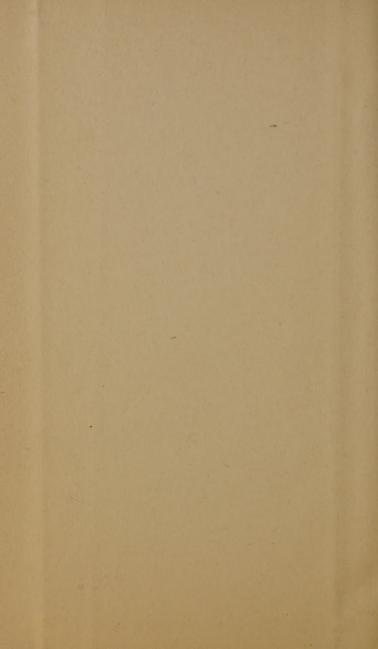
| Date | From | То | Trip S | ide | Gas | Gas | O | Dil | Oil | Н | lotel | Lunch | Roads |
|------|------------------|-------------------------------|---------|-------|-------|------|------|------|------|--------------------|---------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| | | | Miles M | liles | Gals. | Cost | Q | ets. | Cost | | | | |
| July | 18 At San Diego | Coranado Beach | | 65 1 | 9 | 1.75 | | | 1 | Coranado Beach | Very excellent | 1 | All paved |
| | 19 At San Diego | 2 | | 36 | 5 | .97 | | | i | Coranado Beach | Very excellent | | All paved |
| | 20 At San Diego | | | 0 | 0 | 0 |] | 10 | 2.50 | Coranado Beach | Very excellent | | All paved |
| | 21 San Diego | Los Angeles | 157 | | 15 | 2.77 | | | 1 | Biltmore Hotel | Very excellent | La Jolla Casa de Manarea very good | All paved |
| | 22 Los Angeles | Pasadena & return | | 60 | 10 | 1.85 | | | | Biltmore Hotel | Very excellent | | All paved |
| | 23 Los Angeles | Catalina & return | | 0 | 0 | 0 | | | | Biltmore Hotel | Very excellent | Catalina—very poor | |
| | 24 Los Angeles | Hollywood etc. & return | | 67 | 8 | 1.48 | | | | Biltmore Hotel | Very excellent | | All paved |
| | 25 Los Angeles | Santa Barbara | 107 | 35 | 12 | 2.70 | | | | El Mirasol | Very excellent | El Mirasol—very good | All paved |
| | 26 Santa Barbara | Pebble Beach | 281 | | 28 | 3.15 | | | | Delmonte Lodge | Very good | —Paso Robles, Hot Springs Hotel | All paved |
| | 27 Pebble Beach | Drove around | | 46 | 5 | 1.13 |] | 10 | 2.50 | Delmonte Lodge | Very good | | All paved |
| | 28 Pebble Beach | San Francisco | 145 | 33 | 17 | 3.40 | | | | St. Francis Hotel | Very good | St. George Santa Cruz—Good | Some paved, some rough |
| | 29 San Francisco | | | 36 | 5 | 1.00 | | | | St. Francis Hotel | Very good | | All paved |
| | 30 San Francisco | Palo Alto | | 83 | 5 | 1.00 | | | | St. Francis Hotel | Very good | | All paved |
| | 31 San Francisco | Garberville | 227 | | 22 | 4.70 | | | | Garberville Inn | Good | White House, Ukiah; Good | Sandy narrow mountain road |
| Aug. | 1 Garberville | Forrest Glenn | 119 | | 17 | 4.95 | | | | Forrest Glenn Camp | Very poor | Lunch in Road | Sandy narrow mountain road |
| Ũ | 2 Forrest Glenn | Drakesbad | 165 | | 0 | 0 | | | | Drakesbad Camp; | Clean & Comfortable | Hotel Tremont Red Bluff | Very rough lava road |
| | 3 Drakesbad | Red Bluff | 81 | | 16 | 4.50 | | 10 | | Hotel Tremont | Good | Drakesbad | Very rough |
| | 4 Red Bluff | Medford | 212 | | 20 | 4.65 | | | 1 | Medford Inn | Very good | Mt. Shasta Cafe, Shasta City | Good macadam |
| | 5 Medford | Rogue Elk Inn via Crater Lake | 185 | | 19 | 4.75 | | | | Rogue Elk Inn | Very good | Crater Lake Inn, Crater Lake | Good sand and gravel |
| | 6 Rogue Elk Inn | Fishing | 2 | | 0 | 0 | | | | Rogue Elk Inn | Very good | Rogue Elk Inn | Good sand and gravel |
| | 7 Rogue Elk Inn | Portland | 348 | | 34 | 7.75 | | 10 | | Portland Hotel | Very good | Rainbow Cafe—No good | All very good concrete |
| | 8 Portland | Columbia River | | 156 | 15 | 3.45 | | | | Portland Hotel | Very good | George Hotel, Columbia Highway | Very good |
| | 9 Portland | Tacoma | 162 | | 18 | 3.76 | | | | Winthrop Hotel | Very good | Kelso—Very poor | Concrete & macadam good |
| | 10 Tacoma | Port Defiance etc. & return | | 49 | 5 | 1.00 | | | | Winthrop Hotel | Very good | Winthrop Hotel | Concrete & macadam good |
| | 11 Tacoma | Mt. Ranier & return | | 117 | 17 | 3.40 | | | | Winthrop Hotel | Very good | Paradise Valley | Sand & gravel good |
| | 12 Tacoma | Port Defiance—fishing | | 31 | 3 | .60 | | | | Winthrop Hotel | Very good | Port Defiance | Concrete good |
| | 13 Tacoma | Victoria via Port Angeles | 170 | - | 14 | 4.06 | | | | Empress Hotel | Very excellent | Roadside | Concrete, sand, gravel good |
| | 14 Victoria | Butcharts Garden etc. | | 90 | 9 | 2.61 | Imp. | 6 | | Empress Hotel | Very excellent | Empress Hotel | Asphalt—good |
| | 15 Victoria | Malahat Drive, etc. | | 77 | 8 | 2.32 | | | | Empress Hotel | Very excellent | Empress Hotel | Asphalt—good |
| | 16 Victoria | Marine Drive | | 67 | 0 | 0 | | | | Empress Hotel | Very excellent | Empress Hotel | Asphalt—good |
| | 17 Victoria | Vancover via Ferry | 2 | | 8 | 2.32 | | | į. | Vancouver Hotel | Fair | Empress Hotel | Asphalt—good |
| | 18 Vancover | Seattle | 180 | | 17 | 3.51 | | | | Olympic Hotel | Very good | Hotel Leopold Bellingham | Concrete—good |

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| Date | From | То . | Trip Side Miles Mil | | . Cost Gas | Qts. Oil | Cost Oil | Hotel | | Lunch | Roads |
|-------|--------------------|-----------------|------------------------|----------|--------------------|-------------|-------------|---------------------|----------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| Aug. | 19 Seattle | Seattle | | 41 5 | 1.00 | | | Olympic | Very good | Olympic | Good |
| | 20 Seattle | Wenachee | 175 | 16 | 3.41 | | | Hotel Elman | Fair | Roadside | Concrete and macadam |
| | 21 Wenachee | Spokane | 195 | 20 | 4.80 | | | Davenport | Very good | Roadside | Sand & gravel very dusty |
| | 22 Spokane | Hayden Lake | 41 | 0 | 0 | | | Bozanta Tavern | Very good | Bozanta Tavern | Concrete good |
| | 23 Hayden Lake | Wallace | 170 | 151 | $\frac{1}{2}$ 3.72 | 10 | 3.50 | Hotel Samuel | Fair | Bozanta Tavern | Sand dirt and wind bad |
| | 24 Wallace | Missoula | 132 | 17 | 4.08 | | | Florence | Good | Roadside | Sand & gravel rough |
| | 25 Missoula | Hamilton | | 84 0 | 0 | | 1 | Tourist Hotel | Poor | Montana Cafe | Sand & gravel fair |
| | 26 Hamilton | Missoula | | 79 20 | 5.20 | 10 | 3.50 | Florence | Good | Montana Cafe | Sand & gravel fair |
| | 27 Missoula | Butte | 144 | 15 | 3.30 | • | | Finlen | Good | Roadside | Sand & dirt slippery |
| | 28 Butte | Mammoth Springs | 208 | 20 | 5.90 | | | Mammoth Hot Springs | Good | Hotel Bozeman | Dirt and slippery |
| | 29 Mammoth Springs | Old Faithful | 1 | 103 10 | 3.40 | | | Old Faithful Inn | Good | Old Faithful Inn | Good gravel |
| | 30 Old Faithful | Grand Canyon | | 63 10 | 3.40 | | | Grand Canyon Hotel | Good . | Old Faithful Inn | Good gravel |
| | 31 Grand Canyon | Mammoth Springs | | 92 - | 0 | | | Mammoth Hot Springs | Good | Roadside | Good gravel |
| Sept. | 1 Mammoth Springs | Billings | 180 | 28 | 6.87 | 10 | 3.50 | Northern Hotel | Good | Hunters Hot Springs | Dry rough and bad |
| | 2 Billings | Buffalo | - 190 | 17 | 4.44 | | | Occidental Hotel | Small and poor | | Rough and bad, muddy |
| | 3 Buffalo | Wheatland | 256 | 25 | 6.12 | 10 | 3.50 | Noble Hotel | Small and poor | Hotel Townsend, Caspar | Fair sand and gravel |
| | 4 Wheatland | Sidney | 191 | 28 | 6.38 | | | Commercial Hotel | Small and poor | | Poor sand and dirt |
| | 5 Sidney | Grand Island | · 285 | 27 | 5.76 | | | Nancey | Very good | North Platte R. R. Station | Poor sand and gravel |
| | 6 Grand Island | Omaha | 160 | 18 | 3.15 | 10 | 3.50 | Fonteville | Excellent | Fonteville | Dirt good if dry |
| | 7 Omaha | Omaha | | 29 6 | 1.77 | | | Fonteville | Excellent | Fonteville | Concrete |
| | 8 Omaha | Omaha | | 18 2 | .59 | | | Fonteville | Excellent | out | Concrete |
| | 9 Omaha | Marshalltown | 223 | 27 | 5.79 | | | Hotel Evans | Fair | Dennison poor | Poor dirt and mud |
| | 10 Marshalltown | Chicago | 325 | 33 | 6.91 | | | Drake | Excellent | Clinton, Lafayette | Bad to Clinton, then good |
| | 11 Chicago | Chicago | . 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 3.50 | Drake | Excellent | Drake | Good roads |
| | 12 Chicago | Toledo | 314 | 36 | 7.59 | | | Hotel Suor | Very good | Elkart, Hotel Elkart | Good concrete & macadam |
| | 13 Toledo | Erie | 230 | 24 | 5.09 | 10 | 3.50 | Hotel Lawrence | Fair | Cleveland, Hotel Cleveland | Good concrete & macadam |
| | 14 Erie | Oswego | 295 | 34 | 6.90 | | | Hotel Ahwaga | Fair | Olean, Hotel Olean | Good concrete & macadam |
| | 15 Oswego | New York | 2 31 | 26 | 5.59 | | | | | Liberty, bad | |









An Informal Baedeker for Automobilists

Absolutely unique among travel books is this record of a cross-country automobile trip from New York to California. It is from the pen of a young girl, written with naive enthusiasm which makes an instant appeal to those who insist that useful information need not always be dull. As a chronicle of adventure. Motor West is well worth reading. But from the view-point of the practical tourist it is invaluable. Following the text, presented as a diary, are three graphic charts which give data no trans-continental automobilist can do without. Here, in readily accessible form, one finds a record of the travel-time between the important cities and towns touched, the number of miles traversed, condition of roads, gasoline and oil consumption, and suggestive comment on hotel accommodation. For those contemplating a motor journey west, Miss Rittenberg's volume will pensable as the official Blue Book. Made to fit the pocket, easily consulted, durably bound, Motor West serves a double purpose: It is an informal Baedeker for the tourist, a delightfully piquant

HAROLD VINAL

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